


RECREATIONS
OF THE
RABELAIS CLUB.

1880-1881

2 vols

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RECREATIONS
OF THE
RABELAIS CLUB.

1880—1881.

‘Sursum Corda.’

PRINTED FOR THE MEMBERS.

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BILLING AND SONS, PRINTERS, GUILDFORD.

‘Unitam ita floreat hæc Societas ut in ea nostrates episcopi et omnes alii absolutissimum probitatis, modestiæ, humanitatis exemplar, veramque illam virtutis ideam habeant, in quam con-
tuentes aut ad propositum sibi speculum se moresque suos componant aut (quod ait Persius) virtutem videant, intabescantque relictæ.’

*From the Dedicatory Epistle prefixed by Rabelais to his
edition of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates.*

‘Or esbaudissez vous, mes amours, et guayement lisez tout a l’aise du cors et au proufict des reins.’

Livre Premier, Prologe de l’Auteur.

*One hundred copies only of this volume have been
issued.*

This copy is No. 54

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DE. IVRISPRVDENTIA. ALCOFRIBASANA
ORATIO.

A. FRATRE. MINIMO. FRANCISCANO.

CVM. EVM. GRADV. DOCTORIS. IN. VTROQVE. IVRE.

INCLVTA. ACADEMIA. EDINENSIS.

DIGNATA. ESSET.

A.D. $\sqrt{-1}$. KAL. GRAEC. HABITA.

TRÈS-CHERS frères et buveurs, je vous baille de grand cœur ma bénédiction doctorale. Si bien vous fait, louez-en la grâce insigne de ces doctes et mansuetes hyperboréens. De par leur création authentique je suis dorénavant docteur, *magister nostrandus*, docteur civil, docteur canonique, docteur chaperonné, docteur liripiphore, comme ce est escrit ès très-saintes epistres *Obscurorum Virorum* : *Est autem eorum habitus caputium magnum cum liripipio*. Par la vertu de mon liripe je vous bénis trestous. Reste à voir pour quelles causes aptes et suffisantes icelle université illustrissime m'a jugé digne de cette exaltation, chose très-nécessaire à estre cogneue, *nisi enim causa subest cappa non valet*. Elle m'a fait docteur en quoi ? *in utroque iure*. Est-ce par aventure parce que je sais le droit canonicque ? Mes frères, je suis un pauvre

laïque, je n'en sais prou ni peu. Je ne puis proférer le moindre bout d'onocrotales, je di de décrétales. Pour le droit civil, n'en parlons pas : ce n'est que d'invention et excogitation humaine, qui sans la lumière divine des canons et décrétales est une lune orbée du soleil qui la réjouit et fortifie. Faut alors chercher une cause encore plus haute et plus puissante, pour que la sagesse soit justifiée par ses enfants ; voire une science de telle ampleur et opulence que ces deux susnommées, savoir droit civil et droit canonique, en soi renferme et engloutisse comme deux petites gouttes dans la pleine mer.

Vous entendez d'avance, s'il y a en vous un brin de pantagruélisme, ce que je veux dire. C'est la sublime, insigne et excellente jurisprudence pantagruélique qui domine toutes les jurisprudences présentes et à venir, c'est le seul pantagruélisme qui suffit à tout. Qui est pantagruéliste est docte en toutes les facultés. C'est pourquoi je suis docteur, vivant, buvant, matagrabolisant Pandectes, ordonnances, recueils de choses jugées, arrêts, sentences, et statuts dans la foi de maistre Alcofribas Nasier, moi son disciple indignissime.

Or je vous démontrerai en bonne forme que la jurisprudence toute entière est à trouver et se trouve effectivement ès chroniques de notre maistre. Posons d'abord bien nettement la question. *Quid est iurisprudentia ? Et ego respondeo cum Ulpiano : Iurisprudentia est divinarum atque humanarum rerum notitia, iusti atque iniusti scientia* : à savoir, en langue

vulgaire, connoissance des choses divines et humaines : *ff. de iust. et iure, l. Iustitia. Numquid contradicitis ?* Si parmi vous quelqu'un y a d'audace assez effrénée pour contester de telles vérités lumineuses et évidentes, qu'il paraisse aussitôt. Qu'il vienne voir dire comment ses exceptions sont frivoles, misérables, étiques, étiolées, penaudes, non-viables, déraisonnables, in-considérables, rejetables, non-recevables, nulles de plein droit, renversées et à néant mises, hétérodoxes et damnables à trente mille charretées de diables. Hélas, mes frères ! j'entendis quelqu'un non pas proférer, car de choses si abominables il n'ose apertement dire, mais siffler, murmurer, chuchoter des blasphèmes. Il veut que cette fameuse et vénérable définition soit fausse, par cette raison que connoissance des choses divines est trop ardue, trop profonde et mystérieuse pour les facultés des mortels : c'est dire que *rerum divinarum non datur notitia*. Blasphème insigne, effroyable et épouvantable. Qui diable vous a fourré cela dans le cerveau, aux risques et périls indicibles de vos âmes ? *Mea culpa !* je di à quel suppot de Satan la Providence a-t-elle permis d'exercer sur vous une tentation tellement redoutable ? Dea mes amis, j'y suis. Vous avez écouté ce gros et gras hérétique breton qui est venu vous prescher ses calomnies monstrueuses et inouïes sur la sainte église apostolique et romaine, voire que saint Pierre n'est oit qu'un vieux brocanteur juif d'esprit fort borné qui habitoit le quartier le plus malsain de Rome. Méfiez-vous-en, mes frères, fuyez

ses discours, conférences, écrits et histoires. Ce sera mieux pour vos âmes. Je vous di qu'il est hérétique et très-hérétique, voire hérésiarche :

Hérésiarche formel.	Hérésiarche bruslable.
excommunié.	récidif.
syllabiphobe.	théisechthiste.
positiviste.	matérialiste.
ventru.	absolu.
décrétalifigue.	papicide.
rostissable.	ars.
forcené.	extravagant.
Néronien.	Marc-aurélien.
antéchristagogue.	mysticque.
lardable.	éphecticque.

Si le suivez, vous allez tout droit au plus ardent, plus ténébreux, hideux, effrayant, abysmal et horrible de l'enfer. Faites ce que voudrez ; peu m'en chault. Je vous ai averti chrestienement.

Est doncques la jurisprudence de choses tant divines qu'humaines parfaite science et maitrise. Il s'agit de prouver que cela se trouve ès livres pantagruélicques. Et le ferai par voie de dilemme, par voie dialecticque, et par voie de vérité dogmaticque. Dilemmaticquement : où estes bon pantagruéliste où n'estes mie, *prædicata enim non debent secum repugnare*. Si pantagruéliste n'estes point, je n'ai plus rien à faire avec vous. Mon discours est pour les seuls pantagruélistes. *Odi profanum vulgus*. Allez en paix de par Dieu, et ne meslez-vous de choses trop hautes pour votre entendement. Si pantagruéliste estes, adoncques estes

tenu de croire fermement et fondamentalement qu'en iceux livres toute science divine et humaine est renfermée : *ergo*. Voulez-vous savoir si c'est en acte où bien en puissance que nous nous réjouissons de ce miracle illustre et perpétuel ? Croyez-en comme voudrez : les deux opinions sont pieuses.

Dialecticquement : je postule un fait notoire, savoir : *datur pantagruelismus*. Or le pantagruélisme est par sa nature, origine et attributs surexcellents une science qui renferme toutes les autres. Ainsi est défini, constaté et de toutes gens cogneu. Doncques n'est mie pantagruéliste tout jurisconsulte, mais jurisconsulte, jurisprudent et docteur en droit potentiel est tout vrai pantagruéliste. *Ergo*. C'est le moyen de démontrer les choses *per definitionem simplicem*. *Vel dic quia per se notum*.

Dogmaticquement : entre les vérités dogmaticques et inattaquables je pose comme première, éminente, nécessaire et inaltérable que toute science humaine n'est qu'un morceau et rejeton du pantagruélisme ; *ergo*. Si ce ne croyez, ne recevrez oncques le mot de la dive bouteille. Croyez humblement, et bien vous fera.

Par ces moyens j'ai, comme vous autres, messieurs, démontré ma thèse parfaitement, absolument, infailliblement, logicquement, rigoureusement, doctoralement, civilement, canonicquement, et pantagruéliquement. Répondez si pouvez. C'est de la vérité vraie, je n'en puis mais.

Dixi.

QUÆSTIONES.

Icelles sont les theses que deffendra le dit docteur envers et contre tous, en jour et lieu sus nommez.

I.

A magistro Petro de Houtenkop in vicesimo quinto Philosophematum diversorum perperam affirmari Dei concursui ordinario competere ut in monachi stomacho detur vacuum.

II.

Hominem hæreticæ pravitatis suspectum, quem cives Northamptonenses in suum burgensem in Parlamento elegerunt, neque ad iusiurandum præbendum neque ad affirmandum debere admitti, sed nodum hactenus insolitum iuris ac praxeos alio modo resolvendum, per substitutionem pantagruelicam, ita nempe ut vir clarissimus Thomas Erskine May in aulam descendat lingua vulgari Palace Yard appellatam et ibi pro isto homine aliquantulum iuret, iuxta quod præceptum est Chron. Pantag. lib. iii. c. xxxvi.

III.

Ex imperfectione liquidorum seu potabilium terrestrium tum essentiam cum existentiam divæ atque

absolutæ Amphoræ, sicut ipsa descripta est Chron. Pantag. lib. iv. c. xlv. tit. O bouteille, omnesque eius perfectiones, evidenter et necessario sequi.

IV.

Physicorum recentiorum incorruptibiles, quos fingunt, in perfecto liquido vortices, ex quibus mundi materiam conflari volunt, allegorice sumendos esse pro virtutibus unici liquidi perfecti, nimirum vini ex amphora mystica ac pantagruelica supradicta, ipsumque revera mundi vitam actuaalem efficere.

V.

Latius proponi per magistrum Ianotum de Bragmarto clochidonationis sive clochirestitutionis in tintinnegrum officium.

VI.

Quid iuris si mense Martio nuda pactio, postquam naturalem obligationem pepererit, contracto frigore depereat? Eleganter scribit Tussidius Pulmonicus, ipso iure obligationem inanem effici, quia partus sequatur ventrem, itaque actori diem in adventum Cocqcigruium condicendum esse: quem sequitur cum plerisque recentibus Blitziniesius Donnerschnarchius. Sed nobis placet et hanc speciem clementia principum nostrorum contineri, *L. unic. C. chimæ. bombin.*, ut in modum sternutatoriæ actionis utiliter experiri liceat.

F. P.

PUNY-PRIG-LAND.

So for three days, with a steady wind, we sailed southwest by south, meeting no vessels, nor making any land. At the end of that time the wind shifted, and became variable, blowing now from one point and now from another, insomuch that our pilot knew not what to expect, nor whither we might be driven. Presently, however, the breeze fell altogether, and we found that we were in a current, which carried us slowly with it; and on the morning of the fourth day we perceived that we were in sight of an island. Even our pilot did not know to what port we were borne by the force of the current.

We arrived at the harbour, and immediately landed, taking with us weapons for defence; but met with none of the inhabitants, who, we learned afterwards, are not hospitable, nor do they welcome visitors, save such as be of their own kin. The land itself was mountainous; but the mountains, though precipitous and craggy, were of such a bigness as, compared with the rock of Chinon, which is the fairest in the world, would only show like those stones which Gargantua scraped from the heels of his boots after a day's journey, and threw away. You may see one this day, half a league from Saumur. They call it the *pierre levée*. There were rivers, but these were narrow, so that one might bestride them without being

the Colossus of Rhodes. There were also lakes, but such that a mallard of Touraine would hardly find room to swim in them.

‘This island,’ said Panurge, ‘should be called Puny-land, because all things are small and puny, and as if half made.’

The trees were also small, the highest being no taller than a man’s chin; and we presently saw that the trunks and the branches withal were carefully smoothed and polished, and all trained to grow after one pattern; and upon each, about the height of a small man’s waist, was a dado, fair and broad, and the fruit upon all of them was the same, being plates, dishes, cups, saucers, platters, bowls, ewers, basins, milk-jugs, sugar-basins, match-boxes, washing-basins, vases, vessels, and pots and pans of all kinds, in blue china. When this fruit is new, and still a-growing, it is sour, and little cared for by the people, but said to be good for Poor Man’s Evil, or Lack-purse; when it is old and fully grown, its taste is much like that of the tomato. Physicians prescribe it for those who are low, peevish, humble-minded, and anxious. For straightway, after acquiring one collection or single dose of blue china, the patient holds up his head, and becomes proud, boastful, and arrogant, so that he who was once a beggar thinks himself a lord. When the fruit is over-ripe it is apt to crack and fly, in which condition it is greatly prized by epicures, who compare its taste with that of the finest medlars, yea, even those which grew that famous year when Gargantua himself was born.

As for the bushes in this country, they are nothing but

brass fenders, tables, sideboards, rush-bottomed chairs, and carved cabinets ; and the leaves upon them are curtains and hangings in green and grey. The grass is brown and grey ; the sky is green and grey ; the flowers are green and grey, and their leaves are crimson.

‘Fore Gad,’ said Friar John, ‘this country must be Topsy-turvy-land !’

Now, when they were all ashore a strange thing happened to them ; for, instead of rendering thanks unto God for their safe arrival in port and snug harbour, all of them, except Pantagruel, were incontinently seized with a sudden and vehement desire to swear, insomuch that for the space of an hour every man, laying hold of his fellow by the shoulder, did then and there deliver his soul, using those words granted by Heaven to every language and tongue for the solace of men in trouble, doubt, or anxiety.

Friar John monkishly swore by breviary, and in a short half-hour worked his way ecclesiastically from Matins (they are said at midnight, my brothers—think of it !) to Complines, which all monks do abominate, shirk, and neglect, because they interfere with steady drinking.

Some swore in High German, and some in Low, until the foundations of the earth were shaken ; some in Italian, where the swearing is like the thunder of an angry Pope (let every man cross himself) ; some in Spanish, where the swearing is by this and by that, and makes young maids to wonder ; some in rare, choice Arabic, would do good to the infidel Mahound ; some in French, as I have heard them swear—yea, both lusty

women and honest men—in the markets of Paris (and, believe me, it is good for weak stomachs) ; but Panurge swore in English, with a ‘ Damn, damn, damn !’ After a good half-hour of cursing in plain song, he suddenly stopped, and seized Friar John by the collar while he was still mumbling monkish blessings, crying :

‘ Friar mine, shaven brother, we are all undone—damn, damn !—we are throwing away our precious souls—I fear we have lost them already—damn, damn, damn !—I cannot choose but swear. *Confiteor*—damn !—*mea culpa*—damn, damn !—*mea maxima culpa*—damn, damn, damn ! Let us fly—let us run—let us hasten to quit this island of all the devils !’

Then Pantagruel, who had been silent, spoke :

‘ Of a surety,’ he said, ‘ I perceive that we are now upon that land spoken of by Plato, which as yet no modern traveller has reached—the island of the Semnologists, the Compsists, the Mataëologists——’

‘ Heaven protect us !’ cried Panurge ; ‘ Friar John, you pray not at all ; it is sinful.’

‘ ——the Word-spinners—those who talk, having nothing to say ; who are wise, having no knowledge ; who sing without music ; who paint, when they cannot draw ; who teach, having no understanding. Here are the pedants and the men who pretend to worship Form and Art ! Here are the poets who praise each other, and are loved by no man ; here are the scholars of new learnings, the teachers of new methods, and the preachers of new Gospels. Here it behoves us, my friends, to walk warily, and to guard the portals of speech, lest some evil thing

fall upon us ; for know ye, that this is no other than the great and terrible country of the Prigs !'

Then we became aware of one who slowly advanced to receive us. He wore long, straight hair, parted in the middle : his face was like the face of a comely turnip in a field for liveliness and for expression and for colour. He carried an Arum in his hand for a wand ; his legs were thin, and he stepped mincingly, as if he were walking to a tune—but he was not. Also, we saw how he avoided the little hillocks as if they were great and inaccessible mountains, and the gutter streams as if they were broad and impassable rivers ; for in this land every little thing is called great, and when they have once agreed that it is great, it must for ever remain great. He saluted us courteously, and demanded our names and rank. When he learned that he was speaking to the son of the great and beneficent King Gargantua he invited us, with many courtesies, to accompany him while he should show us the wonders of the place.

'And, indeed, gentlemen,' he said, 'Fortune favours you, for to-day we hold high festival, and the great Father Prig himself (though we call him not Prig, but the Prophet, Pater, or Father of the Higher Culture), the Paternal Prig, is visible in his Temple.'

But first he led us where we heard a tinkling and a scraping of thousands of instruments, such as the guitar, the zither, the lute, the harp, the virginals, the viol and the violin, which sounded, while we were yet afar off, as if they were all being tuned melodiously together.

'Here is a good beginning,' said Panurge, who had

been hanging his head mournfully. 'Now is my soul, which was before as low as my boots, mounted to the level of a man's heart. Let us on; let us hear this music closer!'

'You will now hear,' said our guide, 'the music of the future—our own music.'

Now, as we drew nearer, we still heard nothing but the same scraping and tinkling, only that what afar off was pleasing to the ear, sounded now like the beating of marrow-bones upon frying-pans. Some of those who listened wept; some wiped their eyes; some gazed heavenward; some knelt.

'Gad—so!' cried Panurge, in wonder, 'we hear no tune. Bid them strike up the tune. This is mere fooling. By the Lord! my feet are as stiff as a nun's heels for want of exercise. Play up and let us dance.'

But our guide shook his head.

'In the music of the Higher Culture,' he said, 'we have no tune. Nor do we ever dance.'

And then one of the women lifted her voice and sang, but there was no tune, and we could hear no words.

'In our songs,' the guide explained, 'we have no care for the words.'

So we stopped the ears of Panurge with wool, for the music maddened him, and we feared that he would get a mischief from one of them if we continued longer, and so we hastened away.

'I shall now show you,' said our guide, 'the painting of the Future—the painting of the Higher Culture.'

A group of men and women were gathered together

around a picture which stood upon an easel. Some of the women were dressed in carpets tied tight round the waist, and some in silk embroidered with green flowers; some in grey stuff, which they wore close to the figure; some had broad crimson bars, like Pharisees' phylacteries, tied round their legs; some had short petticoats, and some long; and as for their hair, some curled it in a fringe, and some rolled it over and covered their foreheads down to their eyes, and some let it hang long upon their shoulders; some cut it short, and coloured it yellow, and wore it like a door-mat.

'Oh, the dainty door!' said Panurge.

Some wore it like a helmet, and some like a kettle, Their faces were thin and their cheeks white. As for their figures, they were flat in those places where the buxom and jolly Parisian women—whom the Lord protect!—are round, and straight where they are curved.

'Hush!' said our guide, leading us apart. 'Speak not of these all too beautiful figures. I will show you the divine statue which fell from heaven direct, only the other day, the model to men for ever of feminine beauty.'

Now this statue, as orthodox as the heaven-sent statue of Troy or Rome, or the stone of Delphi, or the Caaba of Mecca, stood upon an altar in a small temple. Before the altar knelt a row of young men, with long hair, weeping eyes, and slobbering mouths, stretching forth lean and bony fingers.

'Mother of Beauty!' cried one. 'Eternal vision of Loveliness! who can gaze upon thee and survive?'

The statue was at least sixteen inches high. The head

was of wax and the eyes of glass ; the hair was fastened on by two long pins ; the body, which was undraped, was of some unknown substances, covered with linen ; and the feet, which were large, were also of wax.

‘ Oh, the precious gift of the Gods ! ’ cried Panurge. ‘ It was bought on the Bridge for a baby’s doll.’

At this the young men sprang to their feet, crying, ‘ Blasphemy ! kill ! kill ! ’

Whereupon Panurge ran behind Friar John, and began to blubber like a calf, with ‘ Help ! help ! lusty brother ! Save your friend ! Do not stop for prayers, my brother ! ’

The worshippers ran to and fro still bawling for death and murder. But Friar John, brandishing his apple staff, did instantly so trounce, belabour, and fustigate these poor brawlers, that their knees became like the knees of chitterlings on Shrove Tuesday, and when I saw them last they were all turned again to the altar, rubbing each other’s backs and shoulders, and shedding abundant tears of devotion.

So we peacefully and joyously returned to the painting. And there we saw that all the men were young : some wore spectacles ; some wore *pince-nez* ; some carried a single glass in the left eye : their faces were sad and weary : their eyes were heavy, as if they watched greatly and longed for much ; some of them had short straight hair, and some long and curly ; some wore long coats buttoned tightly, and some short ones open and loose : nearly all were thin, and if one was fat and well-liking, his fellows scouted and scoffed at him.

‘Expound unto us, O thou thrice-gifted!’ said our guide to one young woman with touzly hair and lank garments and lack-lustre eyes, who stood with folded hands before the picture—‘expound unto us the mind of the Master if that may be understood by his disciples.’

‘I know not,’ she replied, with a sigh of sadness, ‘if I rightly read its meaning. Let me try. There are in it infinite depths and sadnesses of colour, with inexpressible suggestions of beauty too subtle for common eyes, too precious even for those which have the mournful gift of culture. It is a Harmony profound and unintelligible, in which the whole of Humanity passes before us: here is the twinkling Gleam of the Glorified, and here the fog of the Common Herd; here, as in this life of ours, the future is dark: the present is dark: the past is dark: laughter is impossible: gladness is vulgarity: there is no hope: there is nothing to see: there is nothing to hear: there is nothing to tell: there is nothing to sing: there is nothing to dream about. Oh! great and glorious and divine and wonderful Master, who hast at last taught to us of this Culture-land, in sublime allegory, harmonious and complete, that, as there is neither natural form, nor natural colour, nor any truth, nor any reality in thy painting, so in the world is there nothing but fog and gloom, only, to us who can understand, the sweet Despair of Green and Grey.’

‘I see,’ cried Panurge, ‘nothing but a sm——’

Here Friar John laid one hand upon his mouth, and he was silent perforce, while we slowly left the painting and followed our guide to where the poets of Prigland

were sitting in a circle. They were almost alone, for their friends were few ; but they crowned each other with bays, cut out of shavings, and burned incense of sweet brown-paper before each other, and sang hymns of laud and praise one to the other. And one scraped a slate with a pencil, and to this delectable music sang a song of his own composing ; and one, with the force of a mill-stream, spouted words which clanged and clashed like jangling bells, and made his own front teeth fly in splinters : one put old airs to modern words, and one old words to modern airs ; and continually they cried aloud, exhorting and encouraging themselves : ‘Oh, sweet ! oh, lovely ! oh, fresh and rare, great Singer, Maker and Bard !’ And some made ballades, and some rondeaux, and some virelays, and some triolets—after the manner of the ancients, especially of the honest Tourangeaux—but they forgot the clinking of the glasses and the sweet glou-glou of the fair red wine.

‘And where is the meaning of it ?’ asked Pantagruel.

‘Oh, hush !’ replied the guide, ‘and listen. In our school the poetry has no meaning.’

‘I would,’ cried Panurge, ‘that it were time for drinking !’

‘We go next,’ said the guide, ‘to the most sacred place of all. You will see the School of the Prophets, the writers of the Higher Culture, round the great High Priest himself.’

He led us to a place where there was an octagonal temple built upon pillars.*

* Here follow three chapters devoted to a description of the Temple, which has been recently figured after the description by M. Viollet le Duc.

* * * * *

Round the Temple sat, at desks, a small band of young men writing.

‘They are the young Prig-Prophets,’ said the guide.

We looked at one of them. He too was writing. Now and then he stopped to sigh, as if it were a weary uselessness to hope that anyone would understand him ; and then he went on writing ; he wrote continuously—he wrote for ever.

‘What has he got to say,’ asked Panurge, in wonderment, ‘that he writes as if he were pricked by all the Furies?’

‘Hush!’ said our guide. ‘Do not disturb him. It were better to die. He has GOT NOTHING TO SAY. That is the secret—that the whole meaning of the Prophets of the Higher Culture. He says he writes to sway the masses ; he writes for the people—the ungrateful people, who regard him not at all, but only listen to those vulgar writers who have a thing to say. This most excellent Prig-Prophet will write for hours, yea, for days and weeks, and write nothing—think of that ! He writes sleeping and waking ; he writes sober and he writes drunk : when he is drunk he writes best ; when he dreams, it is long leaders ; when he snores, it is short paragraphs ; when he parabolises, it is præhistoric archæology ; when he weeps, it is Aryan mythology ; when he sighs, it is folk-lore ; when he yawns, it is magazine articles ; when he eats, it is writing-paper ; when he talks it is the crackling of thorns beneath a pot. My friends from beyond the sea, never think that we of the Higher Culture, we of Prigland, have got anything to

say. But, oh ! it is the way in which we say it. Blessed, therefore, be the Immortal Father of Prigs, the Unique One, the Only !

Then we left the Prig-Prophet and entered the Temple itself, in which we found, reclining on a sofa, the great Father, the Unique One, himself. His appearance was that of a man in middle life ; his eyes were closed, as if in rapture ; his head was turned back, as if he had been contemplating the dulness of the green sky ; his pale face was set to a pitying sadness ; he smoked a cigarette : before him was a flask of Rhine wine ; beside him, unopened, lay a book on the Renascence ; if he opened his eyes he took no notice of the worshippers around him : for the greatest Prig, from his exalted height, was on the same level to him as the meanest Prigling.

And presently he spoke—but softly—

* * * * *

Then they cried aloud, with a burst of weeping, as if the rapture of their joy was too much for them to bear.

‘ Oh ! Great Father of the Higher Culture ! Oh ! Pater Paternal ! of thy fatherly paternity give us more ; give us much more. Teach us to be unintelligible ; dispose our hearts to the writing of profound nonsense ; let us, too, indite English that shall have sound and no meaning. My brethren, we understand each other too much ; we are too simple : we are too straightforward : we are too plain : we lack the finer perception ; let us learn those harmonies of gradation which turn sense to nonsense, and plain talk to æsthetic gabble. Oh ! Paternal Father ! speak once more !’

‘Bou—bou—bous!’ cried Panurge, in a rage. ‘Are we all gone mad? Oh! April-Fool-Day Island; Topsy-turvy-land, Puny-land, Prigland—we have had enough.’

Then all arose, and, with cries and shouts, would have fallen upon us, had not Pantagruel, with his mace, at one stroke levelled to the ground the Temple, with the great Paternal Prig and the School of Prig-Prophets, and all the worshippers; and so we made what haste we could away, and embarked and got safe from the perils of that adventure.

W. B.

TWO SQUAT NOSES ACROSS THE SPOON.

*A Hyperæsthetic Bekkeselenic Ballad adapted
to the needs of a practical age.*

AIR : "Two Red Roses across the Moon." (See "The Defence
of Guinevere, and other Poems.")

There sat two babies each in a chair,
Large in the head and with little hair :
And ever they sang, as they crowed at noon :
Two squat noses across the spoon.

Because, you know, the table was set,
And the porridge and milk had got to be eat ;*
And they saw, as they gazed in the bowl at noon,
Two squat noses across the spoon.

But it seemed as those babes got never their fill,
And their noses waxed leaner and sharper still,
And they saw no more, as they puked at noon,
Two squat noses across the spoon.

* This form is shown to be classical by one of the most
authentic relics of our truly classical literature—

"The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street."

22 *TWO SQUAT NOSES ACROSS THE SPOON.*

For why the milk was all thin and blue,
From a milkman worse than a Berlin Jew ;*
And they wistfully longed for the old days' noon :
Two squat noses across the spoon.

So the housefather rose in his wrath and swore
To deal with that milkman never no more :
And he sighed, as he paid his bill at noon,
Two squat noses across the spoon.

But there came the new *Galatyr Company's*† van,
With a wan lead seal on a brand-bright can ;
And they cried as they poured out the milk at noon,
Two squat noses across the spoon.

The Company's milk was rich and new,
There was wealth of cream and nothing of blue :
And they laughed, as they licked their chops at noon,
Two squat noses across the spoon.

F. P.

* As to the machinations of the Jews of Berlin and Vienna, who control the so-called Liberal press of the continent, see the proceedings of the Dardanelles Committee and the works of the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, *passim*.

† Here insert the name of the Company or purveyor to be advertised, as desired.

PENGUINK ISLAND:

A Pantagruelic Adventure.

CHAPTER I.

THUS we sailed merrily, with a south-south-east wind, through the Nullibick Archipelago, and being two degrees thirteen minutes five and a quarter seconds west of the meridian of the Hippalazons, we perceived a middling great island lying somewhat apart from the rest. And with that we heard a noise of scraping and scratching and spluttering, as when a company of young men are tormented in an examination-room after the fashion of these latter days, and the pens race vehemently over the paper: but this was more deep and sustained, like the grinding of a frozen lake under a multitude of people skating, which runs all together into a sort of humming note. Straightway we landed a party to see what this might betoken, and had but little ado, the shore being open and of exceeding fine sand. Nor had we gone far when there came to meet us a creature such as we had not yet seen, in bigness like an undersized man, yet no starveling, and in shape it was a bird that waddled and looked more down upon the ground than at aught else. But the fashion of his plumage and adornments

was right marvellous (this which I tell you is as true a tale as Sir John Mandeville's or Master Marco Polo's, therefore deny it not), and it was thus : His head was all black, and the wattles and crest thereof of black bristles, like the brushes that men wipe their pens on in the British Museum (I mean on the days when the pens will write). His wings hung down and flapped like the wings of young guillemots, so that he could in nowise fly withal ; but they were made of great store of quills, all ready cut and trimmed, and they rustled sweetly as he walked. His belly was as a fair pot of white stoneware, and his legs were small and taper, and polished like ebony penholders ; the toes were for all the world like pocket pencils, and the claws were like steel pens ; moreover, he had a noble pair of spurs of the same. So Carpalim, being moved with curiosity, ran to the strange fowl to catch him. Then that fowl turned, and would fain have run away ; but Carpalim overtook him in a half-dozen strides, for he floundered and waddled in his gait. And as the bird flapped and jumped in Carpalim's hands, some of his quills were entangled and fell out, and it seemed that he bled somewhat. But that which flowed was not red, like blood of man or beast, but of a dark blueish colour, turning anon to black ; and the bird scratched and scrabbled in the sand, and made as if he would lie down and roll himself. Then one of us took up a handful of sand and threw it on him ; and it seemed indeed a rare and sovereign styptic in this case. Never did blood stop flowing so suddenly, perfectly, and benignantly. So I looked more narrowly upon the sand of this new shore, that we might understand its virtue, and I perceived that

it was no vulgar sea-sand, but the finest pounce, which did not a little increase our amazement. Meanwhile, Epistemon coming up with a pinnace's crew, and Panurge among them, we urgently called out and besought him to expound somewhat of this new creature.

'Ha,' said Epistemon, 'I have not been so glad this many a day.'

'True,' said Panurge, 'I have not seen you so merry since we proved to Master Janotus de Bragmarto, after he had drunk seven versicles of Brother John's breviary, that his fifth counter-exception in the case of the bells of Nôtre Dame was naught.'

'This,' said Epistemon, 'is an island to which these many years I have longed to come. It is tenanted by a fellowship of admirable and wise birds, and this is one of them that hath strayed down to shore; for mostly they keep inland, and if any strange mariner chance to land, he finds the shore all pounce and the streams all ink, and the fruit of the bread-and-cheese trees is all dry and mouldy for want of plucking in due season, for the birds regard it not; and so, having no commodity of victual or drink, he comes away and holds his peace, lest he be thought a fool.'

'A very potent and super-excellent reason,' quoth Panurge, 'and mightier in this world than many of your wise men wot of. But to the bird's name, fair brother, to his name; decline his qualities, elucubrate his habitat, excornifistibulate his anatomy from the memory-wallets of your cerebral circumvolubility; demonstrate his affinities morphologically, biologically, taxinomically, philogenetically, physiologically, philosophically, and transcendently.'

‘This notable fowl,’ answered Epistemon, ‘is, as you may call him in the vulgar tongue, the Penguin ; but of right he is named *Atramentarius calamophorus*. And the rest he shall tell you himself, if he will be tame and civil of speech, which he shall not fail to become when he perceives that he has not to do with a bawling, blasphemous boatswain’s mate, that would knock him on the head for soup’—(‘A fine chalybeate-savoured broth he would make,’ said Panurge, ‘and of a wholesome astringent quality for the correction of tropical humours’)—‘but with voyagers that are courteous, gentle, expert in the humanities, apt for gathering knowledge, and frequenters of honest company.’

All this while the Penguin held himself very still, turning his eyes round upon our party : they were fringed and circled, like the eyes of a horned owl, and to see them blink was a wise and worshipful thing, and as good as a year’s book-learning. And at Epistemon’s discourse he looked mightily pleased, and perked himself up and wagged his crest. But Panurge, when he judged that the bird could speak, began to ply him with divers languages : he questioned him in Armenian, in Frisian, in Basque (but if it were right Basque or no there was none of us could tell, not even Epistemon), in Coptic, in Pushtu, which is a sweet persuasive language to make a man friendly and independent, in Marseillais, which is a tongue not understood of the Parisians, in the newest æsthetic English of Hampstead (but he spat thrice to clean his mouth after it), in Aberdonian, in Devonian, in Swabian, in Platt-Deutsch, in Dutch of Amsterdam, in Lithuanian, which the grammarians praise for a speech

most noble and ancient, in Milanese, in Maltese, in Telugu, and in Zulu ; but in the Zulu a click stuck in his throat, and went near to choke him ; and before he could fetch breath again, Epistemon had addressed himself to the Penguin, who was gaping and quacking as a bird bewildered, and said to him in good school Latin, '*Loquerisne Latine, domine ?*'

'*Etiam, domine magister,*' said the bird straightway, in a voice somewhat croaking, yet not over-harsh, nor hard to understand for a scholar.

And so they fell to talk very lovingly, but whether their Latin was more like the tongue of Erasmus, or of Ortuinus Gratius, it is not profitable to tell you. Suffice it that I report faithfully, in our vulgar tongue, the purport of the sayings and doings which thereupon ensued : it is as true as the ascent of the enormous and incomparable Mount Hercules in New Guinea. After some scholarly compliments had passed, the Penguin offered himself to be our guide in the island ; 'and,' said Epistemon, 'it is but a short walk to where we shall see a whole scribblement of his kind.'

'*Da veniam,*' said Brother John, 'what new oath is this ? A monstrous and heinous one, I warrant, and needing to be washed down. Alas, my breviary is dry since I fell in with a painter that prated to me of the subtle resolved discord in the sub-dominant violet-orange key of his middle distance, which relieved the indefinite tonality of his background ; he cost me a shrewd exorcism.'

'You shall understand,' said Epistemon, 'that as for the congregations of divers living creatures there be assigned apt and significant words—as, a pride of lions,

a gaggle of geese, a clattering of choughs, a murmuration of starlings, a skulk of foxes, a sculle of freres, a superfluity of nuns'—('One is a superfluity,' said Panurge, 'while there be honest bachelors in the world')—'so shall we most fitly say, not an assembly, or a moot, or a gathering, or a company, or a parliament, or a conventicle, or a pontificality, but a scribblement of Penguinks. And now you may behold for yourselves.'

We had now come by a gentle ascent from the shore into a sequestered valley, beyond sight of the sea, but the ground was still strewn with the fine pounce aforesaid. And there was, in truth, as our guide and Epistemon had said, a monstrous multitude of Penguinks, chirping, quacking, talking, screaming, scratching, and scraping in the sand; and the sound of them was the great noise that we had heard afar off. Nor were they all of the same fashion as the bird we fell in with at first, but there were diversities among them. Some were long-billed, some short-billed, and the bills of some of the greater sort were of ivory, curiously carved; some had wattles of red and black, whereof the most were plain, but others adorned with coloured spots, as of beadwork. Some were tasselled like a Turk's fez, others had crests puffed like a sponge; others a crown of great quills, like the African bird which eateth serpents. Go and see him in the Zoological Gardens, if you will (but alack! he is dead since I first set down this most voracious chapter), and then say if I be not a true traveller. Some were long in the body, some round and squat; some were white, some rough and brown; some shone like glass, some like polished pewter. The legs of some were

short and stumpy, of others long and slender ; and some had for spurs long and sharp penknives, others bodkins, piercers, and paper-fasteners. Their complexion was of many colours, according to their blood. For the blood of some of these fowls is black, purple, perse, or a blue turning to black ; of some, bright red ; of some, violet ; and of some, blue. Presently we came upon an ancient bird, who nibbled patiently at some ancient volumes (for they get no other meat there but paper and print, nor no drink but the rivers of ink of all sorts, which are unlike the rivers of all other lands, being most abundant at their source ; and to the sea they may never come, being dried up in the pounce if they be not sooner lost in the marshes of blotting-paper which abound in the low parts) ; and he scratched and fidgeted, and seemed never at ease.

‘This,’ said Epistemon, ‘is the variety *bibliographicus*, a huge feeder, though his meals are made up of nibbles, and yet mighty fastidious about the dressing of his victuals.’

‘It was but Wednesday last,’ said our guide, ‘that a semicolon amiss in a reprint quite spoilt his dinner. And at supper-time last night he got a grievous colic from a new book sewn with wire ; and this morning he found his breakfast so peppered with commas that it was all he could do to stomach it.’ Then that old bird, fetching a sigh as it were under his breath, looked up at Epistemon and said, with a little querulous piping voice, ‘*L’homme propose, et le prote dispose :*’ and so he went on picking and nibbling, and we left him to such joy as he might have thereof.

Not far from him was a loud and bustling Penguin, ragged and furious to look upon ; he stood in a heap of books that seemed newly printed, and the most of them were in three volumes ; and he flapped and stamped among them, tossing and tearing them vehemently with his beak.

‘ How many this week ? ’ cried our guide to him.

But, instead of answering, he danced round and round on the top of his book-stack, which was in bigness like one of the stone-heaps that the vestries make believe to mend the roads withal ; and then he cried out, crowing and chuckling, ‘ The words of the fool are as the crackling of thorns in the fire, but the heat thereof maketh the pot of the just to boil.’

And with that he fell to again, and would speak no more.

Then I beheld waddling about pretty nimbly, but with a shambling gait, a mean, shabby, ill-bred and sorry-looking bird, yet rather fat than lean, and of a greedy and impudent countenance, and of a different make from the Penguins. Its body was like a glass bottle spreading out at the lower end : its beak like a worn pair of shears : for wings it had little scraps of paper stuck together in patchwork, and its feet had no claws, but spread out in the manner of a brush, and seemed perpetually glutinous ; and therewith it carried off scraps of the Penguins food that stuck to them, and thus it made its way about, hustling the old Penguins, and now and then sweeping up their meat almost out of their beaks, and quacking lustily ; not in any whit ashamed of its living, but as if it thought itself as worshipful as the

best of them. So I asked Epistemon what manner of fowl this should be.

‘It is no true Penguink,’ said Epistemon, ‘but a kind of cadging, cozening, pugging trencher-bird that follows them ; we name it *Pseudocalamus pannisector*, which you may vulgarly call “Paste-and-scissors” bird. ’Tis wonderful how many of them get a living on the island and thrive after their kind, which is indeed a scurvy one, but they find their advantage in it.’

I would fain have learnt more of these creatures from our guide : but he was a high-bred Penguink from an ancient nest, and could not abide to speak of them. But time would indeed fail me to tell of all the varieties of Penguinks that we saw ; the hooded and the capped, the white headed and the wigged, and the scarlet Soldier Penguinks, who are the last new breed ; we saw a row of them breakfasting on Field Exercise books, daintily garnished with German monographs on Minor Tactics. And there be other and yet stranger matters to relate, the which I learnt on this wise.

As I cast my eyes everywhere round about, it seemed an odd thing that there was nowhere a Penguink chick to be seen ; for though the birds were of many sizes, and some younger than others, they were all full grown. And as the bird that was our guide failed not to note our amazement, as we, of our part, having already made trial of his wisdom and civility, made no scruple to beseech him to quench and satisfy the same by communication of better knowledge, he showed us very courteously the cause of this mystery, which was a more singular and excellent thing than had yet been the fortune of any

traveller to see : and the manner of it you shall hear in the next chapter, if you will be discreet.

CHAPTER II.

‘THE inhabitants of this island,’ said our guide, ‘grow not up as the chicks of other fowl from the shell, but are replenished as it were indirectly and by a singular transformation and artifice of nature. For when a Penguink’s egg is hatched (and the hatching thereof is a great and delectable marvel to behold, as you shall see anon), the brood that comes forth is not of birds’ kind—with beak, feathers, crop, and so following—but of paper and books: folios, quartos, octavos, duodecimos, long, square, oblong, royal elephant, imperial, demy, post, diamond; five-volumed, three-volumed, one-volumed, odd-volumed; blue books, red books, green books, brown books, yellow books, grey books, black books; fat and lean, stout and flimsy, stiff and limp; books which are books, and books which are no books, according to the saying of Charles Lamb of blessed memory; cyclopædias, thesauruses, dictionaries, series, treatises, poems, plays, essays, hand-books, guide-books, cram-books for the nourishment of good young men, damn-books (I mean sermons and prophesyings), chap-books, pamphlets, transactions, reports, reviews, magazines, fly-sheets, puffs, tracts, leaflets, bills, posters. All these, I say, being hatched out, fly to your world.’

‘Are they all so well fledged?’ said Epistemon.

‘Not all,’ said the guide, ‘but of that by-and-by. And

thus, having found their way whither it behoves them, they become the true, lively, and substantial forms of that matter which you deem to be books, being to sensible appearance and vulgar apprehension made by the paper-maker, printer, and bookbinder, but which are in truth the mere shell and husk thereof.'

'A rare thing and a profitable to be known,' said Epistemon.

'Is it so, then,' said Panurge, 'that your books have souls? It were good for charity's sake to believe that some two or three in a hundred of them be saved; but I doubt it shrewdly. I would pray Brother John incontinently to say some little half-hundred of masses for them, but I see not how they should have any benefit of purgatory. Indeed, it goes to my heart to think so of them, but *magna est veritas*; their state is parlous, exceeding parlous. It would go hard with Drexelius to find room for the roasting of them. There is danger in the communication of them; they savour of heresy, all but Brother John's breviary, in whose virtue I will seek absolution. But advance your exposition, sir, or worshipful sir, or wise fowl, or most learned fowl, *ales doctissime atque expertissime*; unravel your mystery, promulge to us the continuance of the Penguink tribe; take us with you, comprise our intelligences in the ambit of your purpose: this tale of book-souls and water-marked ghosts in fly-sheets doth not serve us for enlightenment.

'I pray you mark,' said the Penguink (a little tartly, for Panurge's moppings and mockeries were not much to his humour), 'and you shall hear how admirably it falls

out. These same books coming to life in your world are set forth for the entertainment of men, and by them, according to their liking and relish, tasted, eaten, swallowed, digested. He that nibbleth at them in-curiously and goeth his ways, as indeed most of you do, not critically or devoutly regarding them, shall never come to be of our mystery. But he that feeds upon them much and diligently becomes changed in such wise that, had you not seen us here, I should scarce hope to be believed. For the man, being thus nourished on Penguink's food, is little by little transformed, until at last he is a true and perfect Penguink, and hither to us he flies joyfully; but the body of him still dwells on earth its appointed season, walking, talking, sleeping, eating terrestrial meat, performing all offices that belong to its corporal nature, and reading in show the shows of those things which in this our unique island are our sole, substantial, and absolute nutriment.'

'In truth,' said Xenomanes, 'this is a marvel the like whereof I have not seen between the north pole and the south; and I would fain know if this affection hath not its proper symptoms and tokens by which its approaches may be known in a man by those who converse with him.'

'Yes,' answered our Penguink, being now pacified and well pleased with our listening to him, 'the diagnosis of it is not hard. You may note if the patient looks narrowly upon the fashion and title-pages of books (but when I say patient, I would not have you think that this most noble transformation of men into Penguinks is aught but an exalted perfection and passage to a higher

state and faculty). If, coming into an unfamiliar house or chamber, his eye falls among the first things upon the books that are therein. If he is eager to take books in his hands, and loth to quit them ; and if it be so seen in him with old books, this is a very sure token. If he reads booksellers' catalogues and advertisements, and peeps and peers upon book-stalls in the street. If he hath an eye for binding and loves to see a book fairly clad, and if clumsy word and crooked lettering stir him to anger. But if he bemoan clipped edges, and imprecate on the sacrilegious binder's knife the torments and most direful plagues of Minos and Persephone, you may guess that his transformation is accomplished, and he is a very Penguin already, and you shall not do amiss. Likewise if he haunts libraries, and sniffs at the sight of a goodly catalogue. If he love the smell of russia leather. If he is precise in his writing, and a notable mender of pens. If he is very swift and dashing, and waste pens recklessly : for the symptoms be oftentimes contrary according to every patient's humours. And if his hand is exceeding neat and clear, you shall watch for the bibliophilic or bibliographic passion, which marks a high and masterful degree in Penguinry. If when he writes he takes heed to put in the stops (but this is a very precarious sign, for there be many right Penguins that reckon not of such matters, and some that scribble hieroglyphically). If he is cunning in printer's terms of art. If he likes an old jest better than a new ; and if his lungs are tickle o' the sear for a quip or a tale in monk's Latin, 'tis a symptom you may set down infallible. If he misdoubteth books of extracts, and hateth editions that are

expurgated, and modernised versions of good old poets, and little books that prate foolishly about great books, and the snippings and pastings and messings of the foul bird *Pseudocalamus* and all his tribe ; and by the measure of his hatred for such things you may level at his progress in Penguin beatitude. If he handles a precious edition reverently, and looks devoutly upon manuscripts. If he has found out the ways of the British Museum catalogue, a thing which seldom befalls ere a man be a full, confirmed, and irrevocable Penguin. And as to him that hath gotten understanding of the great and terrible title in the said catalogue which is named ACADEMIES, and can walk familiarly in its mysteries, know that he is a Penguin most certain and complete. The same if he grumbles at bad indexing, and forgives not slovenly quotations. The same if he reads dictionaries.'

'Such transformation,' said Pantagruel, 'is a marvellous thing enough : yet neither is the change itself wholly without example, nor that admirable provision whereby, for the avoidance of an abhorrent vacuum and severance of continuity in the order of the sensible world, the body furnishes forth all its outward and apparent offices notwithstanding. We read in the Vision of our great master Dante, how that, when he came to the most dismal frigidific pool and central abode of Lucifer which is named Tolommea, he found therein imprisoned and fast frozen after most wretched sort the chiefest traitors of the world (our said master most rightly, and, as I think, not without aid of divine wisdom, judging that of all crimes and misdoings treachery is to gods and men the most

odious, abominable, and inexpressible) : and how he there saw suffering the *Ser Branca d'Oria* with divers others, which in the world's eye were yet alive, their bodies eating, drinking, and being clothed by the contrivance of certain devils assigned to dwell in them until their time should be fully run. And of transformation of men into birds examples are so plentiful in the poets that it were but time lost to recount them. Wherefore we shall not, if we are wise, be overmuch amazed at this relation, but diligently perpend and profit by it in like sort with other edifying matters which in this voyage we have seen and heard.'

'A discreet and princely saying,' quoth *Epistemon*. 'But there is yet somewhat to be learnt of the hatching of these same eggs, if our friend and instructor here will make good his promise.'

'That will I with a good will,' said the *Penguink*.

And thereupon he led us to a more removed part of the island, where he showed us great store of eggs lying in the sand, in bigness between a turkey's egg and an ostrich's : and the hatching of them is not as the hatching of the eggs of any common fowl. For the nature of the *Penguink* and the custom of the island are such, that these birds have no skill nor aptitude for hatching their own eggs, but must persuade another species to sit upon them. Now this is a pompous, sluggish, porsy, exceeding proud fowl ; they are called *Sosii-fowl*, but it was whispered in *Epistemon's* ear by a ragged, lean, discontented-looking *Penguink*, who was prowling up and down in evil case, that *Lord Byron* had found their true name to be *Barabbas-hawks*. And theylord it mightily over

the poor Penguinks, sitting on some of their eggs and leaving others ; nevertheless, there be some of the Penguinks that are fortunate and wary, and after them these other fowl run crying for more eggs, and more. Some of the eggs we saw in the hatching. There was a good-sized one that cracked with a gentle regular motion in a section through the two minor axes of the shell. And there came out sedately a winged thing, as it seemed, which first shook itself straight from the crumpling it had suffered in the egg, and then, flapping its two covers strongly but not with great quickness, flew away to the eastward.

‘ This,’ said our guide, ‘ is the work of a Penguink of the good old sort, and will make a solid reputation.’

Then we heard a noise like a pistol-shot, so near us that Panurge cried out ‘ Murder ! ’ and hid his face in a corner of Brother John’s hood : and turning nimbly round, I perceived that a small egg had burst violently, and a whole flight of little creatures rushed up into the sky like a firework, and anon gathering themselves together again went off in a flock and were out of sight in a twinkling. Of this, our guide, being somewhat old-fashioned, could tell us nothing certainly ; but afterwards we heard that at this time a pamphlet had been printed which made a marvellous great stir for the space of three weeks, and afterwards was clean forgotten.

After this he called us to look at a great misshapen egg, on which one of the great gross birds had sat with much disdain and grumbling ; and it opened with a crooked fracture and a lamentable sound that was neither a bang, nor a puff, nor a wheeze, nor a whistle,

nor a rending, but compounded of the dolefulness of them all, and there wriggled out a lumpish floundering thing, and it tumbled this way and that, and strove to spread out its wing-covers and fly. But it could never get a steady start nor a clean stroke, for it was top-heavy, lop-sided, wry-necked, and weak-legged; and so it fell down sprawling and sputtering, and was choked in the pounce.

‘Now you have seen,’ said the Penguin, ‘the inauspicious birth and unhappy ending of one of those books whereof it is said in your world that they fall still-born from the press. This was a full and final exposition of all theology, antiquity, mythology, ethnology, history, prophecy, philosophy, pneumatology, demonology, and eschatology; comprehending, confounding, and superseding all previous inquirers; proving *à priori* by geological and hydrographical reasons that Noah was the first and true inventor of great-circle sailing, and fixing the date of the Book of Job by spherical trigonometry’ —(‘That,’ said Xenomanes, ‘is more than we can read on any of our charts’); ‘and modestly computing the end of the world, and triumphant vindication of the author’s conclusions thereupon consequent, to the day and hour for the meridian of Exeter Hall, with a margin of thirty-seven seconds for errors of calculation, and three centuries and a quarter for an alternative reading of the prophetic day in a text of Daniel.’

‘In my good father’s kingdom,’ said Pantagruel, ‘we take the day of twenty-four hours as God sends it, and find enough to do in making it suffice for our civil business and honest recreation.’

‘Well,’ said Panurge, ‘we have seen a fine bevy of strange wild-fowl, and heard a quacking and scraping and screeching most sweet and musical for him that likes the smell of red ink better than the perfume of good red wine of Burgundy, and the nibbing of pens better than the clinking of glasses. I pray you, my good lord, desire of this most dry-billed, bespectacled, and sapient companion that we may know if there be any singing-birds in this island.’

‘Indeed,’ said Brother John, ‘it were a good work if one could go and hear a merry tune. I mean of edifying and spiritual songs: I know no others. If any of these fowl had a sweet breath for chanting, and would strike up some fag-end of plain-song, I would fain bear my part: I have a good sounding bass. Some pretty little simple thing, a trifle, a stave or so. A little *Credo* to clear the larynx and mollify the vocal chords; you may take it from Sebastian Bach’s Mass in B Minor.’

‘Nay, then,’ said Panurge, ‘I will play the *Quoniam* on the horn to it, and I will call it a discovery in simultaneous-successive-superharmonic epipolyphony, and make it the music of the after-future next but one; and in this manner I will write a programme-symphony, expounding severally with approved motives and significant melodies every clause and protocol of the Treaty of Berlin, with a mysterious digression for a solo on the contra-bassoon in the major, and accompaniment of the muted double basses in the minor, figuring a certain instrument whereof the secret was as wisely and authentically kept as the oyster-shells when the oyster was out;

and I will dedicate it to the Grand Turk, and inscribe it in the Concert of Europe.'

'If you desire song,' said the Penguink, 'we have indeed singing-birds, and of many kinds; but they dwell apart, and I cannot well bring you to them to-day.'

So he counselled us to return for that time to our good ship, where indeed we were nothing loth to find victuals and drink such as man delights in, and offered himself to fetch us betimes in the morning: to which we cheerfully consented, and so parted from him in much loving kindness.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY the next morning Lynceus and his fellows that were of the watch espied our friendly Penguink waddling down the shore to meet us according to his promise; and when he was come to the landing-place, he flapped his wings merrily and saluted our ears with a cheerful and melodious quacking. So we put off in the boats (not forgetting provision of meat and drink, whereof we now had experience that on this island we must bring our own if we would not go without), and committed ourselves to his guidance. And he led us up through a waste place, and by steep and crooked paths, till we came out into an open space on a kind of table-land, green and pleasant to behold; and over against us was the opening of two valleys, and a great hill rising up in the midst.

'Here,' said our guide, 'is the habitation of our singing fowl; that narrower of the two valleys, on the shady side

of the hill, is tenanted by the tune-pipers, and in the other dwell the word-pipers.'

Now Brother John and Panurge were all for hearing a merry song, and so we chose to be led first to the valley of the tune-pipers. But as we came near its mouth we heard, instead of a tunable and festive concord of sounds, a strange and dissonant medley and jangling of incompatible notes; for it seemed that these fowl sang each after his own fashion, and all diversely. And we saw that there were certain great birds perched on rocks and stumps, made somewhat unlike the other Penguins: they were headed and beaked like eagles, falcons, goshawks, tassel-hawks, peregrines, laners, and tercelet; and their plumage was marked with black stripes, and between the stripes were little markings of crotchets, quavers, rests, accidentals, demi-quavers, and what other signs belong to the cunning of music-scribblers. Round each of these birds was a press of smaller fowl, which were beaked like sparrow-hawks, kestrels, jays, magpies, linnets, robins, bullfinches, yellow-hammers, tomtits, and sparrows; and the most of these fluttered constantly about one of those greater ones, gaping, chirping, crowding, pushing, ruffling, pecking, and snibbing one another, not at all regarding the other companies, but scrambling and striving among their own set.

'I conceive,' said Epistemon, 'that when these little tune-pipers have thrust themselves into the ring about one of the greater fowl, they cannot so much as hear the song of any of the rest, and therefore their ears are not offended as ours are by the confusion of many kinds of song which, having each their own modes and har-

monies, are not accordant nor companionable in this little room.'

'You are right,' said our Penguin ; ' but I will call on some two or three of the discreeter sort to make way for us and be our companions, that you may come to speak with the master-birds.'

Which being performed, and the little chattering and screaming finches being enforced to give place for a time, this escort of our friend's providing led us up to a bird in fashion like a great falcon with long spreading wings ; and we all marvelled at him, for he was a goodly fowl, and we had great delight of his song. But Panurge, thinking to try him with a waggishness, pulled a jew's-harp out of his purse (which, indeed, Brother John affirmed to be the only instrument he was master of, for all his boasting and big discourse), and began to play on the same I know not what catchpenny tune, but never got through four notes. For the bird at the very first sound fluttered violently and shook his head, and cried with an angry and lamentable voice, glaring on us and snapping with his beak, 'Jew-music ! Jew-music !' and we verily thought he would set upon Panurge and tear him if we made any further question with him. So we left him, and turned to considering the songs and manners of the other birds that were master-singers, of whom some were grave, sedate, and worshipful, some shrill and wild, some pretty, pert, and quaint. And as Epistemon was speaking civilly with the fowls who went along with us, and praising divers of the songs, the one who seemed most ancient said that it was well enough, but all these together could

not sing like the great master-singer they had lost a good while ago.

‘Can you tell us,’ said Epistemon, ‘aught of his ways?’

‘That were a hard matter,’ said this bird, ‘if you have not seen and heard him. His eyes and his countenance were like an eagle’s, and he sang like none of the others. When he woke and stirred himself, it was like the breaking of a spring day in a wood, and a charm of all manner of birds flying and rustling in the trees. When he lifted up his head and opened his wings, it was like the processions and the feasting of the gods on Olympus, and the noise of giants warring in the plains, and Pallas Athena shaking her ægis over them and confounding their devices. When he slumbered and dreamt, it was like summer lightning on a calm night, and the murmuring of the sea on a distant shore. When he laughed, it was like Centaurs galloping down broad sunny glades, and a skiff leaping over a green sea with a bright southerly breeze, and the flashing and tumbling of clear streams on the hill-sides, and the dancing of satyrs and fauns in the train of Bacchus, what time he marched through Greece and subdued it, and so wrought with poor silly Pentheus, in reward of his perversity and churlish refusal of allegiance to that excellent and liberal sovereignty, that he saw two suns in the sky, and his own city of Thebes with fourteen gates. When he sat and pondered, it was like stars in a deep lake on a winter night, and the heaving of the ground-sea after a storm. But when he threw out his wings wide, and sang with his full voice, it was like the sweeping of mighty winds over sea and land, and the

sound and swaying before them of ancient trees in the deep forests, and the shock of a full-weighted third-wave against the rock-wall of a western promontory ; and the lightning of Zeus hurled into chaos, piercing and smiting the darkness, and carving new worlds out of the ruin, and his hand shaping them and commanding them forth to their courses ; and the splendour of great deeds spread abroad under the sun for everlasting renown. At last he sang a new song for us, more strange and mighty than ever had been heard aforetime ; and as he sang he opened his wings more and more, and with that he flew up into the sky, and our sight could follow him no longer.'

'For such song as this,' answered Pantagruel, 'seeing you are not like to get more for many long years, I conceive it is meet that you give thanks, treasuring it for use and ensample, and not talking of it over-curiously, forasmuch as the gods love not anatomisers of their secrets, and have smitten with blindness some that would see too much.'

And so we turned us about, and proceeded to the place of word-pipers in the other valley. But of these we saw mighty little, though our Penguink assured us there was no lack of varieties worth the seeing. It fell out on this wise. Almost the first bird whose place we came to was a young one headed and beaked like an osprey ; he had a fine tuneful voice, and sang loud and lustily, taking marvellous long breaths. But Panurge had a mind to feed him, notwithstanding we were warned that this kind of Penguink is irritable by nature, and shy of taking meat from strangers ; and being obstinate in his purpose, he took out the first Penguink-food he had

about him, which was a paper of the 'Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society.' At the sight of this that bird waxed as one distraught, and fell to swearing beyond all swearing that ever any of us had heard, among which might be distinguished such words as *flaccid and flatulent fatuity of deaf and desperate finger-counters*; insomuch that Panurge, no less valiantly than when he took the great cat Rodilardus for a devil, turned tail and fled straightway; and by the time we had come up with him in the open place aforesaid, whether we judged it best to follow him, as not knowing what might befall next, he had said fifty-seven *Aves* and forty-three *Paters*, besides ejaculations past counting: but Brother John said that, for want of a grave cause and a rightly directed intention, they had no virtue in them, but rather savoured of profanity and called for summary penance; and he had out his holy-water sprinkler in a trice, and therewith he disciplined Panurge fraternally and canonically. And so we came back by another path across the island, and passed through a scribblement of the wigged Penguinks, whom we noted somewhat more curiously, so that we learnt some particulars of their diet which do not appear at the first view. This and sundry other varieties have an art of extracting from the books and writings that are set before them for meat in the common course a more ethereal, subtil, potent, and quintessential nutriment; and this is done by an alchemy which is different in every tribe of them that use this practice, and is kept very secret among themselves; and 'tis past description and imagination what delight they take in it.

There was an ancient Wig-Penguink that we saw, tall

of stature and with a great bill, much like the bird we call adjutant, only he stood not on one leg as they do. He had gotten a dry legal estate under his beak, and was munching and maffling over it with infinite delectation. We heard another calling to his neighbour (for this kind are sociable among themselves, though they consort not much with the other Penguinks) that he should come and dine with him, and that without fail, seeing he had caught a fine old base fee and a vastly curious outstanding term. The other made answer that he had newly burnt his mouth with a *scintilla juris*, yet for such fare he would make shift to come. But there be many degrees in their nobility, and there is no lack of Wig-Penguinks which are of a more free and secular conversation. One of these, a forward young bird as it seemed, fell into speech with us. And he told us that in that land if a man thrive till he be wig-worthy, he pays a grievous fine to his Inn, and so he is allowed his wig. And if thereafter he thrive till he be silk-worthy, he makes another great fine to the king. And in old times if he throve till he was coif-worthy, he paid yet more grievous fines, and made a feast, and gave gold rings to many folk, both small and great; but now, he said, there were no more coifs. Likewise he said, that some of these attain a yet further transformation, and are turned into furred cats, which is deemed a high and admirable achievement; and that their fur is changeable, according to the seasons and their occasions, being sometimes black, sometimes violet with tawny paws, and when they go a rat-catching, or to drink a dish of cream with the Lord Mayor, scarlet with white paws and golden

collars. But these seemed to us palpable and enormous fables, and we believed them not. Moreover, he said, if you will name our company rightly you shall call us not a scribblement, but an eloquence: *quod nota*. There also did we see many black Penguinks with white collars, greedily feeding on double-distilled square roots of negative quantities, aërated with abundance of east wind; and they gat thereof such nourishment as they deserved, and waxed as fat and well-liking as graven images of green wood on a frosty night.

At this time there befell me an adventure which, though it toucheth not the common state of our enterprise, nor the discoveries that we made of things meet to be known for the advancement of learning, yet for its singularity I deem fit to be set down. As I had strolled a little apart from the rest of our company, a certain Wig-Penguink stepped forth from his fellowship likewise and came towards me: and as I looked upon him I was aware that according to a just conjecture of comparative anatomy, and right measuring and allowance of the homologies between a terrestrial man and a Penguink, this fowl was as like me as a twin brother. Now I stood on the margin of a little rivulet of ink, as it might be half a foot in width. And this Penguink stopped on the other side thereof, and gazing steadfastly upon me took my nose in his bill and shook it thrice. Then he dipped one of his long-winged quills in the ink, and sprinkled me withal, and said with a solemn and dreadful voice: '*Ecce deus fortior te, qui veniens dominatur tibi.*' And then I was encompassed as it were in a great light, and I perceived by grace and special illumination of our

PENGUINK ISLAND.

lady Minerva that this Penguink was my very self, which certain years ago had flown to the island, being transformed according to the institution of men's fates and ordinance of Penguink nature which our guide had rehearsed unto us, and was gathered to the calamistery of those noble fowls. And I knew that my life in the world was a dream and a shadow, and I comprehended that which is said by wise men in the Indies, that a man shall know the nothingness of things, and in that knowledge shall know the nothingness of that which knoweth, and rejoice in the same : and the vision was too passing great for me to abide it longer, and I fell into an ecstasy. And when I came to my terrestrial self again Eusthenes had me by the head and Brother John by the heels, and they were carrying me down to the boats. They told me I had cried out in my trance, and abjured earthly food, and raved of banquets of secular parchment and immemorial ink : and it is truth that to this day I go back to the island in my dreams. As for our friendly Penguink, we made our farewell to him worshipfully and courteously, and Pantagruel gave him for a remembrance the most fit and precious gift that we had in the ship, which was the *editio princeps* of the First Book of the Pantagruelic Chronicle.

F. P.

FATHER FRANCIS.

'I COME your sin-rid souls to shrive,
Is this the way wherein ye live?'
 We lightly think of virtue,
 Enjoyment cannot hurt you.

'Ye love. Hear then of chivalry,
Of gallant truth and constancy.'
 We find new loves the meetest,
 And stolen kisses sweetest.

'Voices ye have, then should ye sing
In praise of heaven's mighty king.'
 We deem it is our duty
 To chant our darlings' beauty.

'Straight are the gates of body's pleasure,
The joy beyond no soul can measure.'
 Alas! we are but mortal,
 And much prefer the portal.

'Nay, sons, then must I leave ye so,
But lost will be your souls, I trow.'

Nay, father, make you merry.
Come, drawer, bring some sherry.

'Me drink? Old birds are not unwary—
Still less—ha—well—'tis old canary.'

Mark how his old blood prances—
A glass for Father Francis.

'Your wine, my sons, is wond'rous good,
And hath been long time in the wood.'

Mark how his old eye glances—
More wine for Father Francis.

'A man, my sons—a man, I say,
Might well drink here till judgment day.'

Now for soft words and glances—
But where is Father Francis?

'Heed me, my sons, I pray, no more,
I always sleep upon the floor.'

Alas! for old wine's chances,
A shutter for Father Francis!

W. H. P.

BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES

(After the *Richter* Concerts, June, 1880).

Neunmal sprach das schöpfende Wort der Tönenbe-
herrscher,
Fasste der Zaubermacht neunfache Kette die Welt ;
Fasste den Geist, die Natur, die Wonne der heiteren
Jugend,
Heldenthaten und Tod, Schicksal und Trauer und
Nacht ;
Bis, durch Menschenstimme gelockt, im entschleierten
Himmel
Glänzend vom Sternenzelt Freude, die göttliche,
schwebt.

F. P.

Rem miram novies cecinit vocûm ille Magister ;
Attonitos novies ars capit arcta viros :
Ars homines capit et Naturam, spemque Juventæ ;
Capta fuit Virtus, Morsque, nigerque Dolor,
Mox vocat è cœlo Populi vox alta Leporem :
Qui, face sidereâ clarus, in orbe nitet.

S. I..

Ninetimes spake in wondrous tones the voice of the
Master :

Ninefold the chain of his Art seized on the wondering
world :

Ninefold seized on man, on Nature, on hope of the
young time :

Seized on courage and death, darkness and sorrow
and fate.

Till, called forth from the Heavens, called by the cry of
the people,

Bright from the arch of the stars, Joy to mankind was
revealed.

W. B.

Τοῖσι δ' ἄναξ χορδῶν ἐνόησε γενέθλιον ὕμνον,
Δεσμοῖσιν δέ λόγων κατεδήσατο ἐννεα φώνοις
" Ἀνθρώποντε φύσιντε, καὶ ἥβης χάσματα παιδεῖς
Καὶ θάνατον, νυκτός τε πόνους, μοῖραντε μαχίηντε,
Οὐρανίων δέ δόμων, ἄστρον τ' ἐξείλε φαιεινῶν
" Ὑστατον ἐν μολπῇσι Χάριν καὶ τέρψιν ἄπειρον.

G. S.

Bi-tisa'ti ahru^{fin} wa-husni 'ttarannu^{mí}
Baná " Qála-kun-fa-kána " bunyána 'álamí
Bi-tisa'ti aghlálín sabáhuq awíyatin
Bi-sihrin mubínin mustamirrin mu'ad^hahamí
Sabá 'l-insa wa 'ljánna 'lmu'awwadha minhumú
Wa ladh-dhata ríhání 'shshabábi 'lmuna "amí
Saba 'lharba wa 'lmauta 'lmuqaddara jammatan
Saba 'llaila wa 'ttaqdíra ma'a 'tta-allu^{mí}
Hatta 'lfarhu majdhúban bi sautin min al wará
Tanazzala min 'arshi 'ssamáí bi-mabsamí.

E. H. P.

Il nous parla neuf fois,
 Et, à sa grande voix.
 On vit trembler le monde.
 Le cœur humain il sonde,
 L'amour, l'esprit, la peur :
 Et pendant qu'il nous chante,
 Surgit resplendissante
 L'étoile du Bonheur.

W. H. P.

Ni gangar talte det skapande ord, talte tonernas Herre,
 Och den förtrollande makts böja på världen blef lagd,
 Fattande menskan, naturen, ock ungdomens glada fört-
 jusning,
 Bragder, och öden, och död, sorgen och natten ihop,
 Tills af mennisko-stämman besnärd ur klarnade himlen,
 Ned ifran otjernornas tjäll sjönk den guddomliga Fröjd.

Ahríns-orð nú þa innt hafði almáttkur sköpuður tóna,
 Töfra-valds níðættu tang transtri var brugðið á heim :
 Náttúra, nótt, örlog, öld, og æskunnar glaðværa kæti,
 Drengskapur, dauði og sorg dróma þeim öll voru háð
 Þanguð til heiðríkum frá himni af mannsróddu löðuð,
 Stjörnu-tjalds glóandi 'úr geim goðborinn Fögnuður sveif.

E. S.

Nine times spake the lord of music, and commanded
 new-created

Harmonies to bind the world with ninefold chains of
 might ;

Holding fast all soul and sense, all fire of youth unbated,
Heroes' deeds and glorious death, sorrow and fate and
night :
Last, at human voices' charm high heaven stands open-
gated ;
Joy, God's daughter, shows on men her star-enkindled
light.

F. P.

THE EXTENSION OF KNOWLEDGE.

LEAVING the desolate and unhappy Island of the Papefigues, we sailed in serenity with a fair wind, lamenting the ignorance by which that honest folk of Gaillardets, once so frisk and jolly, had been led, as it were by Beelzebub, to deride the Pope, the Only One, and so miserably to perish and be destroyed, as is the infallible fate of such as fall into this dreadful heresy.

‘They had better,’ said Panurge, ‘have suffered themselves to be led by the devil of Villeperdue, who would have guided them, merry and fat, into the true way of knowledge, for which they would have returned grateful thanks, as did the worthy seigneur of that place.’

‘Who was he?’ asked Pantagruel.

‘You will find him not in Athenæus, nor in Herodotus, nor in Pliny, nor in Aulus Gellius, nor in the merry jests of Messer Poggio, nor in any of the learned books of the Greeks, Romans, or Moderns : but you may hear of him from all the old women between Azay-le-Rideau and Langeais, when they sit round the bed-side with the new-born baby, and all tongues wag at once. Which is the reason why we French, and especially we who come from

the Loire and the Vienne, are a nation above all others disposed and given over to the pleasure of caquetage, badinage, propos joyeux and blague, because it is the first thing we hear ; and babies are as prone to imitate their betters, as the merry Monks of Courtibaut.'

'Ware church !' said Pantagruel. 'Have a care, good Panurge.'

'The Seigneur de Villeperdue,' continued Panurge, 'was, when he first made the acquaintance of his friend the Devil, a man of fifty years or thereabouts. All his joy was in the contemplative study and meditation of the Mappemonde, or chart of the lands of the earth ; and to the end that he might the better discover and know all manner of countries, did he cause himself to be instructed in the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldæan, Syriac, Arabic, and Moorish tongues, so that he would, in all these languages, read, compare, and note what was said as to every country and its manners. And in this wise he became so learned that there was not even so much as a village anywhere upon his Chart but he knew it, and would discourse learnedly and movingly upon its harbours, lakes, streams, hills, valleys, gardens, deserts, castles, churches, walls, streets, palaces, fountains, aqueducts, wild beasts, and men and women. Much, indeed, he loved to inquire after the feminine manners and customs, to learn the stories of the old ones and to hear the prattle of the young ones, and these he would relate after dinner, sitting in his porch, to his curé, who was also his butler—the honest man !—while they soaked their noses and washed their throats in the white wine of Vouvray. The drink and the stories they kept to them-

selves : but they were ever charitable, and daily distributed the shank of the ham-bone among the poor.

‘In his library, which was the room in the tower over the gateway of the Chateau, were fat volumes, goodly folios, venerable manuscripts, written by those who of old have travelled, voyaged, and navigated these mundane seas from isle to isle and from continent to continent, from the jolly sailors of King Solomon who went up and down the hot and thirsty Red Sea, well provisioned with casks, jars, flasks and bottles, all filled with Noah’s gift to his descendants, down to the lusty men of Dieppe, who discovered America before Columbus, and traded with the negroes of Africa before the Portuguese. He had read them all : the *Periplus* of Hanno, the history of Herodotus (of whom he was wont to swear that he was a right honest Frenchman, and no Greek at all, since none but one of his own countrymen could discourse so glibly and so merrily), the geography of Ptolemy, of Strabo, of Hierocles, the travels and adventures of the Pilgrim of Bordeaux, the Crusaders, the Monks who went to Rome and Jerusalem, Maundeville, Marco Polo, Ibn Batuta, Prince Henry of Portugal, Columbus, Vasco de Gama, Cabot, Magellan, Cabral, Jean Cousin, Paulmier de Gonneville, Jean Parmentier, and Ango. All these books he had, with others which treated of Prester John, the Garden of Eden, the sea where Judas Iscariot sits for ever on a red-hot rock, the Island of Cathay, the Land of Apes, the Frozen Land, where they are fain to drink hot caudle instead of cool Bordeaux, and the Burning Land, where they drink by night : and in this room, which was a fair-proportioned

four-square room, having two windows, by one of which the good seigneur could look along the road and watch the girls of the village as they came and went, and by the other could keep one eye upon his own kitchen, and see the fat meat for dinner roasting on the spit. And before him always lay spread out his goodly Mappemonde.

‘One day while he gazed, wondering where to look for that happy island where the folk love like turtles, kiss like oysters, and live like ravens : whether he should find it among the Sporades of the ocean near the Isle of the Macreons, or yet farther east, beyond the empire of Monomotapa and the rich island of Zipangu, he saw that he had a visitor. It was strange, because his door was locked, and the key thereof was in his pocket. Yet before him stood, his chin upon his hand, a youth of goodly presence, dressed much like a page of the court of good King Francis the First of pious memory, or like our friend the gallant Anagnostes, whilom page of Gargantua ; and he was neat, well shod and gaitered, with crimson doublet, lace ruffles, gold chains, and jewelled dirk.

“Good-morrow, good sir,” said my Lord of Villeperdue. “How camest thou hither ?”

“Good-morrow, seigneur,” replied the youth. “For my coming or my going, care not thou. Tell me rather why, being a gentleman with vineyards, forests, fields, rivers, hills, and streams of thine own, in which thou mightest take thy pleasure, thou wilt still sit in this dark room and pore over musty volumes and lying maps.”

“It is,” said the seigneur, “out of the great and singular devotion which I have to the incomparable science of Geography.”

“Nay, then,” replied the youth, “I know all the lands of the earth, and withal the men and women upon them. Much wiser am I, therefore.”

“Hast thou in verity seen them all?”

“For the youth was but sixteen years of age or thereabouts, and the seigneur marvelled how one so young could have travelled so far or seen so much. And travellers still will lie.

“Truly,” he made answer, sitting on the table with his legs folded and his arms akimbo, “truly I have seen them all : for I have been where live the men whose heads are turned, those whose heads are soft ; those who can see through a millstone, the stiff-necked, the straight-backed ; those who stand like a rock, and those who wriggle like an eel ; those who walk straight, and those who walk crooked ; those who blow their own trumpets, and those who sing small ; those whose tongues are hung like a mill-wheel (which is a country of Amazons), and those who are as dumb as mice (which is a land of scholars) ; where the women go to war and the men sit down to spin ; where they burn in the flames those who pretend to know more than the doctors of the Sorbonne. Marry, good sir, I have seen all these lands, and yet I marvel much that any should wish to see them.”

“If thou hast seen all these things,” said the seigneur, “thou must be a devil indeed.”

“I am,” he replied, and with that he unwound his tail, which was tied about his middle in semblance of a crimson sash ; “I am, and for a trifle I will help thee, too, to this knowledge.”

“For a trifle? Nay, but it must be a great reward.”

“It is a mere nothing ; a trifle : nothing in the world but thine own soul. And, what a trifling matter is that, considering that there are upon the world now living, 1,120,345,678 souls all told, including those of the Chicquanous ! What is one, I say, out of so many ?”

“One is not much,” said the seigneur, “out of so many. Doubtless, it would not be missed. And but that it is mine own, and the only one I am likely to get, so far as I know, I would willingly trade it away on good terms with thee, fair Devil.”

“As for its being your own,” the Devil said, “that is mere chance and the accident of birth, of which no man should be proud. Granted that you have lost this valuable soul on which you set such price, and are bereft of its keeping, remember the proverb, that ‘a poor man wise is better than a foolish king.’”

“That is true,” said the seigneur. “Still I would rather give thee some other, and keep my own. If anyone will satisfy your devilship, and a simple soul is all you want, take the cook’s. She breaks many commandments daily, and has, I doubt not, committed mortal sin already to-day, though it is not yet noon, by reason of her wrathfulness.”

“Who makes omelettes breaks eggs,” said the Devil. “It is mine already. Besides, I take not any cook’s greasy soul in exchange for this most excellent gift of knowledge.”

“Then there is the curé. He is a worthy man and grateful, and beholden unto me. So much, at least, would he do to gratify his friend. Take the curé.”

“I would have thee to know, seigneur,” replied the

Devil, "that I am orthodox and a respecer of the cloth. Wherefore, prate no more, but sign, seigneur—sign."

'He laid upon the table a parchment duly drawn. The seigneur thought of his friend the curé, and of the things he should have to tell him; he thought of the countries he would see and the joyous things he would hear; and he signed. Instantly he seemed to be borne away by his friend the Devil, who flew with him out of the window, and carried him for the space of sixty-five thousand four hundred and twenty-two years, up and down the face of the world, from the North Pole, which is indeed a goodly mast or axle, seeing that it bears the weight of all the world, and is made of good hard pear-tree wood, to the South, where he saw nothing by reason of the fogs, and continually he was learning, studying, and observing, till there was nothing that he did not know. Now, when he had been so long away and seen so much, he felt a desire to return to his own castle at Villeperdue, and, having said so, incontinently found himself sitting in his chair, and his friend the Devil before him. And lo! a marvel; for before him was his clock, and by its face he saw that during all these years its hands had moved but one minute and a half!'

'This miracle,' said Pantagruel, 'reminds me of that recorded in the Eastern story of the king who dipped his head in water and straightway was reft out of the flesh and lived a long life, marrying several wives, and having many children, at the close of which his spirit returned to its old abode, and he found that all had happened in the space of dipping his head in the water and taking it out again.'

‘All things are short that have an ending,’ said Panurge. ‘The seigneur, when he was back again, was sorry that he had not prolonged his journey, because now he remembered there would be nothing to do but to talk about it. During this long time, however, he had conceived a great affection for the young devil, whom he found gaillard, friendly, and obliging, full of knowledge, and learned in theology. Therefore he begged him of his goodness not to desert him entirely, but to visit and converse with him, by which means his knowledge might suffer no diminution, but rather be increased. Many talks they held in the room over the gateway; sometimes the seigneur would even forget his dinner; and often he has been known to be so carried away in an ecstasy or rapture of geographical science, that he took no heed whatever when the daintiest girls in the village passed singing down the street.

‘Presently a melancholy seized him : he went with his doublet unbuttoned, ceased to ask about his supper, and even let the curé drink the whole bottle unproved.

“‘My son,” he said one day to his friend this jolly, brisk, and dapper Devil—“My son, it grieves me to the heart to think that in this great realm of France there is no one who knows what I know.”

“‘Write a book, good seigneur; and so teach them.”

“‘Nay, but,” said the worthy man, “I am old : to write a book will take time and cost grievous pains. And how can I tell that, when it is written, any will read it? And yet I would fill the whole world, if that might be, with a knowledge of geography.”

‘The Devil shook his head, and presently departed.

‘The next day he returned.

“‘I know,” said he, “a plan. But I would fain have thy permission to use it.”

“‘Is it a good plan, and one certain to succeed?”

““It is an excellent plan,” said the Devil, “and cannot fail.”

““Then on, in the name of all the devils,” quoth the lord. “Whatever it be, on with it, and at once. Now I begin to feel my spirits rise again. Now I mount, now I fly, with the joy of this great and wonderful boon which I am about to confer upon this poor, ignorant world, which as yet knows nothing of Genghiz Khan or Prester John. Ha! how shall I be worshipped! Canonising, at least, they must do to me when I am gone.”

““That,” said the Devil, “is the very least they can offer you.”

‘Now, before this time all the world, as is very well known, was living peacefully and comfortably. England and France had left off fighting: the Germans fought only with each other in a brotherly and friendly way: the Austrians still fought the Turks, but that was out of custom and for pure diversion: and the Italians joyfully caroused and amorously poisoned, stabbed, poniarded, and murdered each other, as is their merry manner. But for the rest, a time of great peace.

‘Quoth the Devil:

““Peace means ignorance. I will have wars, wars everywhere. What lands, good seigneur, wouldst thou wish first to make known?”

““The land of the Romans,” said the seigneur. “Let

all the world make itself acquainted with the country of those famous geographers, travellers, conquerors, and rulers."

'Whereupon this crafty Devil fired the heart of the young King Charles, eighth of the name, so that nothing would do but he must invade, like unto Hannibal, the country of Italy. With him went forty thousand gallant Frenchmen, and after them the hearts of twice as many fair and generous damsels. Now, you must know that within a twelvemonth there was no part of France where the country of Italy, with its fair cities of Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, Venice, and Rome, was not thoroughly known—with their pictures, their music, their statues, their learning, and their ladies.

"Oh, merry Devil!" said the Seigneur of Villeperdue. "All this information gained by the world, and not more than half a million people killed, starved, and dead of disease!"

'The next thing this benevolent Devil did was to stir up war with Spain, then with England, then in the Low Countries; insomuch that presently there was no part of Europe which was not perfectly well known, even to the colour of the women's eyes, all over France.

"Most excellent Devil!" said the Seigneur of Villeperdue.

'But the active Devil, full of zeal, was not content: he wished the science of geography to be extended across the seas; therefore he sent Frenchmen over the Atlantic to the Indies, to Brazil and to the mighty continent of the New World. Here they met Spaniards and Portuguese, who very speedily and joyfully cut their throats,

hanged them on trees, or burned them for heretics : or they made the acquaintance of Indians, by whose poisoned arrows they fell : or they wandered about in forests, where they found neither meat nor drink, and so perished miserably. All which mightily redounded to the glory of this young Devil, and increased the knowledge of geography.

“ “Right worthy and most honourable Devil,” said the Seigneur de Villeperdue, “they will make of me the Pope.”

“ “They must,” said the Devil. “By what name wilt thou be known ?”

“ “I will be called Alexander,” replied the seigneur ; “because I am like unto that monarch, the Conqueror of the World.”

“Then the Devil bethought him of other lands : he took him great ships—caravels, brigantines, frigates, barques, hoys, sloops, punts, pinnaces, floats, tiremes, and feluccas—equipped them and provisioned them, and manned them with the jolly sailors of Dieppe, St. Malo, Nantes, Honfleur, Brest, and La Rochelle, and sent them forth to Africa, the stormy Cape, the islands of the Spanish main, the coasts of the East Indies and to far China, with orders to trade with the people in the manner proper to voyagers and discoverers ; that is, to offer a bag of nails for a diamond as big as a roc’s egg, the handle of a hatchet for a pearl like unto that which Cleopatra dissolved in vinegar, a looking-glass for a sack of gold, and so forth ; and if it pleased not the people to agree with so fair and equal a bargain, then to slay the men, ravish the women, plunder the houses, fire the town, and presently return

with such an account of the country as should gladden the hearts of all who love true knowledge. Which was done ; and in the space of fifty or sixty years, by the grace and help of this most excellent Devil, was the whole of France filled with a true and particular account of this great spherical world and all its inhabitants.

“ Oh, most illustrious and praiseworthy Devil !” cried the Seigneur de Villeperdue, “ only for the loss of 982,003,145,689 mortal souls, two or three of whom are doubtless with the saints, hast thou done this great work ! Odsbodikins !! WHAT a Devil thou art !!! ”

W. B.

*Translation of the Ballad and Rondeau of
Guillaume Cretin (Raminagrobis), addressed to
Christofle de Refuge, Maître d'Hôtel to Monseigneur d'Alençon ; who had asked his advice upon
the subject of marriage :—poems which are
supposed to have suggested to Rabelais the idea of
the consultations of Panurge as to his projected
marriage.*

WHO in the martyrs' corps will be enroll'd,
And join the famous confraternity,
Meet thing it is firstwise he should be told
Their fate and chance to marriage who agree.
Now God thee aid, and may sweet Mary be
Helpful and serviceable of her grace ;
And since in choice of wedlock is thy case
Keep thine eyes open, watch well every spot :

Whatever fault or treason thou may'st trace,
 See all, but make believe to see it not.

Why among men are sense and wit extoll'd,
 Save that they teach what thing may chance to
 thee ?

It is not wisdom to be overbold ;
 Watch thou the changes of the wind, and see
 How not less strangely Love's gifts come or flee ;
 A day may gild them and a day deface.
 Then, if from court or camp or walléd space
 Comes one against thy peace to plan and plot ;
 Whatever fault or treason thou may'st trace,
 See all but make believe to see it not.

Bethink thee, ere thy liberty be sold,
 What way to meet a wife's perversity.
 If for malfeasaunce thou should'st dare to scold
 More shrewish, curst and mutinous is she :
 Grieve thou—she'll laugh and jibe incessantly ;
 Laugh—and her tears will stream adown her face ;
 Meet trick with trick—she'll rail at thee for base,
 Deride thee, hold thee lower than a sot
 Whatever fault or treason thou may'st trace,
 See all, but make believe to see it not.

RONDEAU.

Take her friend, or take her not :

 If you take her, you are wise ;

 If to take her you despise,

Nowise worse will be your lot.

Gallop apace ; proceed jog-trot ;

Stand doubtingly ; commence red-hot,

 Take her, friend.

Starve, or empty twice the pot—

 To do what is undone arise,

 Or undo all that done you prize ;

Preserve her life, or have her shot,

 Take her, friend.

J. K.

THE
GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY OF THE
GREAT SEA-DEVIL SAKHR.

A LEGEND OF THE KORAN.

IN those days, the Great Sea-Devil Sakhr, who is now old and fond of rest, was young, frolic, and lusty. And after the manner of Iblis and the rest of his brother devils, with the whole race of Afreets and Jinns, his cousins, male and female, all his delight was in tormenting men and in discomfiting and bringing to shame and confusion their enterprises and endeavours. So active and so zealous was he, that of all the devils wisely created for this benevolent purpose, none were more cursed by mankind than Sakhr. Now, some Jinns are simple and easily beguiled, so that wise men gain the mastery over them, and make them do good works against their will; and some are slaves to lamps, to rings, to words, to songs and to blessed verses of the Koran, which if men discover, they can make such devils perform their own behests, as was done by the great Sultan of pious memory, Suleiman Ibn Daood; but no man had ever discovered by

what magic arts to command Sakhr, nor found any words which he was bound to obey. Wherefore in freedom and great joyousness this devil roamed to and fro, always devising new devilries, afraid of no magicians, carousing here, drinking there, with ever a song and a joyful word for his gossips, and new stories of merry mischiefs which made them laugh over their cups like the monks of Saint Aignan, who laugh till they cry and are athirst, and then go on laughing till they are dry again—the holy men! Sometimes he would sit upon the rocks of the Jebel Harûn, and wait patiently until he saw the Haj caravan on its way to Mecca. Then would he call for the great wind of the East to blow from the desert, and the sand came up like a cloud of smoke from a bonfire of green wood, and got into the eyes of the holy pilgrims and trickled down their necks, and filled their beards, and choked their throats, and blinded their camels, and killed their donkeys. Sometimes he ran before the caravan and dried up the wells, so that the pilgrims had to wait for the next station, whither they came parched and dying, with their tongues hanging out like thirsty dogs. Or he would smite the camels with sickness, so that they lay down and died, and the merchants lost their treasures, and those who rode were made to walk. Or he would beguile the Bedawi in the Desert with a vision of fresh water and green trees, so that he hastened to drive thither his flocks to drink, and found nothing but bare rocks. But mostly he loved to sit by the shore of the Bahr Aileh and wait till the great ships came slowly up, heavily laden with wine and oil, gold and silver, silk and pearls, ivory, cedar and sandal-wood, apes and pea-

cocks, and manned by jolly sailors of the Beni Yehoudeh, who desired nothing better than to get safe home again, and tell of the dangers they had met. But they never did get home, because, when Sakhr saw such a ship he would forthwith call on the winds to blow, the rains to fall, the thunder to roar, and the lightning to flash. Then would he tear off rudder, beat down mast, and buffet the good ship to and fro till the sailors' heads were cracked like cocoa-nuts ; and if there were any left, he would presently throw them overboard, and with the timber of the ship, the yard-arm, masts, bowsprits, and oars, would split their skulls, break their ribs, smash the arms, legs, shoulders, back-bones, and necks of the good fellows, so that not one of them ever reached home again. Then would Sakhr joyfully gather up the wine-casks from the bottom of the sea, and take them to the shore, where he would summon his brother devils, and right merrily would they drink to the souls of the defunct sailors. So many ships did he destroy, so many sailors did he send to Paradise, that the Beni Yehoudeh found it would be better to leave off going to sea, and began to hire sailors, more accustomed to drowning and fonder than themselves of sea-devils, from the Islands of Sur, Kubrûs, Saida, and Ruad, and they transferred to these brave mariners, by formal agreement, contract, and bargain, duly signed and sealed, all the thwacks, buffets, rib-roastings, bone-breakings, wrecks, drownings, and castings ashore caused by the malice and frolicsome moods of Sakhr, reserving to themselves nothing at all but the pearls and precious stones, the costly wood and ivory, the peacocks' feathers, the silks

and golden stuffs, the wine and oil, which the ships brought home in their holds. With this arrangement the Beni Yehoudeh were well pleased, and to this day they abide by it, being in truth a very honest and just nation, excellent at the making and devising of contracts whereby all the labour and danger shall be borne by others, and all the profit taken by themselves. And these excellent merchants ask for nothing more than the protection of the law and the execution of the contract, by means of which they sit at home, wax rich, and grow fat.

Now it befel Sakhr one day that, as there were no caravans on the Haj road, and no fleets in Bahr Aileh, and consequently no mischief for a devil to do, he took a voyage of discovery on land; and presently, being invisible himself, found himself on a high hill, on which was a great city, the City of El Cûds, whose inhabitants were as numerous as those at Bagdad or Cairo. The bazaars were crammed with all manner of precious things, and the people were buying, selling, quarrelling, and bargaining. There were also great mosques, with pavements of marble, pillars of porphyry, and gilded minarets. And there was a splendid palace and harem, the like of which Sakhr had never seen even at Bagdad, where the Caliph holds his court. For there were gardens in it, wherein grew every sweet flower and refreshing fruit: all manner of trees and plants were therein, those that are pleasant to the sight and smell, and those that yield food for man. So marvellous were these gardens that those who lived in the palace had only to ask the flower or the tree, when straightway buds began to form, blossoms turned into flower, flower into green fruit, green fruit to ripe fruit,

and ripe fruit fell into open hand. There were fountains also which flowed with sherbet, or with fresh water more delicious than the wine of Gaza; there were summer-houses and courts with shady alcoves and soft divans.

‘Truly,’ said Sakhr, ‘this is a famous palace; the Caliph hath no better.’

He knew not, however, that it was the palace of Suleiman Ibn Daood, the great magician; therefore, without fear, he amused himself with thinking how he could, if he pleased, bring wind, hail, and rain to destroy the gardens, tear down the vines, lay low the flowers, arcades, summer-houses, covered corridors, carved woodwork, fountains, and divans of delight, and ruin all that had been provided for solace of the Sultan and his ladies.

Then Sakhr wandered about the courts of the garden and into the chambers of the palace, gazing upon the occupants and taking his fill of joy in their loveliness. Some were embroidering cloth of gold with pearls from Ceylon and Indian diamonds like stars for brightness, Persian rubies like Damascus roses, emeralds as green as the leaves of the terebinth, and all as big as eggs, or somewhat larger. Others were eating sweetmeats or peaches; some were drinking sherbet; some were singing love-songs; some were listening to an old woman who told stories; some were playing with children; some were touching the lute with gentle fingers; some were making slippers for their lord the Sultan; some were sleeping in the shade; some were whispering; some were trying on new robes. They were of all countries: some from Circassia, some from Syria, others from Egypt, Persia, Abyssinia, Kurdistan, Armenia, Phœnicia,

Greece, the Isles, Tadmor, Franjistan, Damask, Cashmere, Scindia, the Punjaub and the countries of the Canarese, the Pali, the Sinhalese, and the Tamul, with others from the far East, who spoke a language which no one knew, not even the great Suleiman himself, and were skilled in the art of talking with signs. Many others were there, of whom at the present we forbear to speak. And most were young; and all who were young were as beautiful as the gazelles of the desert or the Houris of Paradise.

Then Sakhr, sighing heavily to think that he was a Devil and not a man, departed from the harem and betook himself to another part of the city, where a miracle was being continually wrought, both night and day. For this was Suleiman's building-ground, and on it there was swiftly rising, course by course, the most magnificent mosque that the world had ever seen. Greater than the Mosque of Cairo—greater than the Mosque of Stamboul. The people of El Cûds, who marvelled at nothing in those days, took no account of the stones which flew through the air of their own accord, and without the hands of workmen arranged themselves, each in its place, a perfect ashlar, without sound of iron, or any chipping of tools, but all in silence, order, and without stop or rest.

'This,' said the citizens, 'is by magic art of our great Sultan.'

But Sakhr, who had eyes to see what the eye of man cannot see, observed that the stones were carried and laid in their places by the hands of numberless Jinns, who, without rest or respite, did perpetually hasten to and fro, toil, labour, run, fly, fetch, carry, bring, push,

measure, shoulder, move, shove, quarry, shape, carve, cut, hack, saw, plane, level, mould, and make, with infinite groans, sighs, fatigue, lamentation and cursing.

Then Sakhr wondered, and he spoke to an aged Jinn, who carried on his back a corner-stone of twenty drahs, very fine, and of extraordinary weight, so that his shoulders cracked beneath the load, and his cheeks were purple, and his eyes started out of his head.

‘Brother,’ said Sakhr, ‘what is the meaning of this? Sit down and rest, and tell me for whom thou art carrying yon accursed stone?’

‘Alas! Sakhr,’ the Jinn replied, ‘I may not rest—woe is me!—nor sit down, nor take any repose until Suleiman Ibn Daood permits. We are his slaves, because he has the Ring of the Sacred Name. Wherefore delay me not, but look to it that Suleiman, who can behold us Jinns and Afreet, find thee not and enslave thee as he hath already enslaved us.’

Whereupon he flew away, hastening to lay down his stone, and without a moment’s pause hurried through the air on his way to carve and cut another. But Sakhr fell into a grievous doubt; for, on the one hand, he must not be seen by the Sultan, who would infallibly enslave him by power of the Ring; yet was he loth to quit the city and the palace without doing some mischief, were it only in revenge upon the king for the enslaving of his brother devils. Yet, it would be little joy being the Great Sea-Devil if Suleiman made him a porter, a messenger, a carrier of stones, a hewer and a quarryman. Yet, again, he would not leave the place without one more sight of such a seraglio.

He resolved on hiding where Suleiman would least expect to find a devil—in the very palace itself. It was then the hot mid-day, and the people were all asleep, so that there was no fear that the Sultan would see him. He therefore returned boldly and entered the palace, invisible to all except Suleiman himself, and he was asleep.

The favourite of the Sultan at that time was Amineh, daughter of the Prince of Persia. It was to her chamber that Sakhr stole, thinking that through her, were he quite sure that the Sultan would not see him, he might learn how to strike swiftly and surely. First he sat in the window, looking at the beautiful Sultana, who was sleeping on the bed; then, hearing footsteps, he hastily crept behind the curtains, and there hidden waited. It was Suleiman himself.

‘Amineh, light of my eyes,’ said the Sultan, ‘I dreamed, in my siesta, that something would happen.’

‘Something will,’ replied the favourite.

‘All women are prophets,’ said Suleiman; ‘and man heeds them not. What will happen, fair soothsayer?’

‘I know not. Something always happens.’

The Sultan was lost in admiration of so much wisdom coupled with so much beauty.

‘Rose of Ispahan!’ he said, ‘I have work to do—idols to break, and idolaters to impale. I may not, in such common work, carry on my finger my sacred Ring; wherefore I entrust it to thy care. Let no one take it on his finger; let no one be permitted to touch it; let no one even see it. It is the Ring of Power—the Sacred Ring of the Holy Name.’

He drew the Ring from his finger, and laid it in her lap. The Sultana sat careless, yawning. Yet Sakhr knew that it was no other than the magic Ring with which Suleiman worked all his marvels, enslaved the Jinns, created his gardens, built his mosque, and derived his wisdom. And at sight of the Ring a desire like unto madness seized Sakhr, and with invisible fingers he clawed at the Ring, but could not take it from the Sultana's lap.

'Had I the Ring,' he murmured, 'oh, had I the Ring, what merriment and joy would be mine ! Let me try to get the Ring.'

The next moment there was a knock at the door, and an old woman came in whom the Sultana knew very well. She was an innocent old woman, with beautiful snow-white hair, and a clean face just like a russet apple in March when the skin has shrunk into ten thousand tiny lines and tangled crowsfeet. She smiled as she stood at the door, and she held in her hands a basket full of wares.

'New rings for old,' she said, smiling again. 'New chains for old ; new necklaces, bracelets, bangles, charms, head-dresses for old. Lady, will you look ?'

She opened her basket and took out, one after the other, the most ravishing collection of jewel and gold work that was ever seen. It should be good, because the old woman was no other than Sakhr, and the jewels were none other than those which he had taken out of the ships he wrecked.

'Here,' said the old woman, throwing over the princess's neck a chain of gold with pearls in every link ;

‘this was made for the Prince of Persia, your father, and given by him to the Caliph of Bagdad. He gave it to his favourite, who changed it with me when she was tired of it. And see, my princess, at the end of it there is a steel mirror of such exquisite purity that it reflects even your beauty without a flaw or a spot. Look at it; saw you ever such a face as your own? Saw you ever mirror more beautiful? Here are rubies and emeralds, with diamonds set between. I will change it with you, if you please, for something you are tired of—let us say that old opal ring.’

‘But it is the Sultan’s Ring,’ said his favourite.

‘That matters nothing; you are the Sultan’s favourite. Let me look again. Fie! the old worn gold, the clumsy setting—perhaps the opal is not genuine! Well, I shall be a great loser, but I said directly I got this chain that no one should have it but the Lady Amineh, and I came straight here. Nobody has seen it. Let me throw it round your neck; now the mirror—oh, the pretty chain and the pretty face in the mirror! You will let me have the ring in exchange? I thought you would.’

When the Princess opened her eyes again she saw the Sultan himself standing beside her. She felt about her neck but there was no chain.

‘Where is the old woman?’ she cried. ‘The old woman to whom I gave your Ring? And oh! what red eyes you have got!’

‘There is no old woman,’ said the Sultan, ‘and here is my Ring on my finger. You have been asleep this hot afternoon, and have dreamed of this old woman.’

* * * * *

A few days later the good people of El Cûds could find nothing to talk about, in the bazaars or in the streets and in their own houses, but the wonderful and terrible doings of the Sultan. What strange and terrible change had happened to that grave and learned monarch? First of all, the invisible building of the mosque not only stopped suddenly, but the walls were thrown down, and the great corner-stones hurled about in every direction, with such banging, hammering and raising of dust that the people were frightened out of their wits. Then the Sultan, instead of impaling, stoning, and beheading idolaters, unbelievers, monks, and Kafirs, received them at the palace, clad them in rich robes and feasted them, not with the grave and solemn feasts to which the dervishes and ulemas were accustomed, but with fiery revels, where unseemly things were sung and done, and every day almehs and odalisques with cymbals, tambourines, and flutes continually made sport and danced while the wine-cup went round; yea, the sparkling Simpkin, with Exshaw and Hennessy of the Three Stars, till all the guests save the Sultan himself fell rolling horribly to the ground, and there lay until he called for his negroes and bade them carry out the drunken logs, and put them under the pump. And the women gathered together at the fountain of the Sitti Miriam and whispered about the harem, and those that listened shuddered, held up hands, opened eyes, shut mouths, shook heads, smiled, laughed, sighed, shed tears, and groaned. When the muezzin called to prayer, the Sultan called for brandy; on fast-days, when the faithful eat not from sunrise to sunset, the Sultan, with his friends the Kafirs and monks, caroused and feasted; nor was there

any law in the Koran which he did not openly deride, and in the face of all the multitude break, till even the little children wondered what things were coming to. He yoked the ox and the ass to the same plough ; he fed on the roasted flesh of pig ; he hunted the unclean hare, and afterwards made of him a toothsome dish with stuffing ; he made his Chief Vizier Asof dance with the almehs before his eyes, and the holy Dervish Hussein drink strong wine ; he mocked at the law and said unholy things of the Prophet.

Now the Sultan was none other than Sakhr himself, who by virtue of the Ring took the shape and place of the Sultan himself, gave the Jinns holiday with leave to destroy what they had built up, and now disported himself after the manner of the devil with all manner of abominations. But Suleiman himself sat in sadness, being now a scullion-boy, and employed to clean the dishes after the feast. As for his wages, they were kicks and cuffs from the cooks, his fellow-slaves. Once the Sultan gave order that he was to be bastinadoed, and but for a mistake, whereby another scullion was taken and suffered for him, would have had fifty blows on the bare feet ; as for his food, they gave him two small fishes every day, one of which he ate, and the other he exchanged for a loaf of bread, waiting for his deliverance, because he now plainly saw that it was some devil—he knew not which—that had got the Ring, assumed his form, and was dwelling in his palace and heaping up defilements in his place. But there was not any hope of release until he got the Ring back again.

Now the Chief Vizier Asof was a wise man and

wary; for forty days he looked upon these things, wondering and suspecting, but saying nothing. But on the forty-first day, while the Sultan was feasting and his friends were offering sacrifices to their gods, and eating unclean meats in the very palace, he called privately the holy men and doctors learned in the law, and said to them :

‘O brothers, ulemas, dervishes, faquirs, doctors most learned in the law and the Prophet, you know for what purpose we are gathered together this day. The Sultan, Suleiman Ibn Daood, once the most holy as he was also the wisest of the kings, whose very feet there is none, except the Caliph himself, descendant of the Prophet, on whose head be blessing, worthy to wash, the poet whose verses are like the plash of the fountain on a summer evening, the great and glorious Suleiman, hath of late, that is to say for the last six weeks, been as one bereft of his senses or else possessed of a devil. And forasmuch as I his Chief Vizier have had daily conversation with him and find that his talk is not that of a madman, although it runs chiefly on executions, bastinadoes, and tortures, with blaspheming, and continual breaking of the law, I am constrained to think that he is possessed of a devil. And this the more because up to six weeks ago the building of the great mosque was performed by invisible hands, but is now completely overturned and destroyed, in which action we may recognise the work of some crafty devil, who by permission of Allah, or subtlety of his own, has been enabled to seize his soul and work in his name, to the confusion of his honour and the eternal tarnishing of his great and

glorious name. Wherefore, brothers, and especially ye, O learned in the Koran, give me your advice in the matter, that we may, if possible, expel and clear from the body of Suleiman this accursed spirit, or else convince ourselves that he is mad and so let him go harmless so long as he liveth upon the world.'

The Grand Vizier stopped and looked round. For a while no man spoke. Then an aged ulema lifted up his voice, and said :

'Yussuf, the muezzin, but yesterday had fifty strokes upon his naked feet for calling to prayers while his Highness was singing.'

And another, a dervish from Samarcand, spoke :

'And, on Friday last, Effendi Saood was impaled for cursing the idolaters. These things make men cautious.'

Then Asof whispered, saying :

'He cannot slay us all. And what if, should he offer to slay one, I have a troop of a hundred strong, ready to obey my orders, and to slay the Sultan himself?'

Then they trembled and looked at one another with terrified eyes ; but Asof, drawing aside a curtain, showed a company of bowmen, armed with swords as well as bows, waiting for the word of command. And at that sight their courage came up from their boots, and their hearts descended from their mouths.

'It may be,' said Asof, 'that there will be no need of these brave fellows. But, on the other hand, though no fate is more desirable than martyrdom——'

'None,' said the doctors learned in the law.

'It is expressly forbidden to rush upon death.'

‘We may be commanded to live longer,’ said the doctors.

‘We may,’ they all replied, with a sigh.

Then they formed into procession, a hundred and fourteen in number, as many as there are chapters in the Koran, and every man with the Holy Book in his hand, and marched silently, followed by the hundred bowmen to the palace.

It was the mid-day hour ; but there was no rest in the palace. The revelry which never ceased was at its height. The Sultanas and ladies of the harem were cowering, terrified, in their rooms : a message had been sent to them from the Sultan that they were to come—*without their veils!* and they were considering whether it would hurt more to put a knife to their hearts or to go before strange men with uncovered faces. As for Suleiman, he was singing and shouting with a bottle in his hand when the party of dervishes and holy men came, followed by Asof and his men.

They came in silence, and no one saw them, so that they surrounded the summer arbour in which sat Sakhr with his companions before he knew of their approach. And then, lifting up their voices, they began all to read aloud, every man a different chapter, so that in ten minutes the whole of the Koran might be read through. The sound was as the sound which Mohammed (blessed be his name!) heard in the night from the tent where Fatima, with her five hundred damsels, read the word from end to end, and the Prophet likened it unto a hornets’ nest ; but to Sakhr it sounded like the hissing of serpents and the roaring of lions. He sprang to his feet with an angry

curse : the scimitar dropped from his hand ; the turban fell from his head : the rich and royal robes fell from his body : his skin became black : his breath became flames : his eyes were globes of fire ; his hands became claws and so did his feet ; and, before they had time to finish their chapters, he sprang into the air with a yell and a shriek and vanished swiftly, flying southwards.

The faces of those who read waxed pale and their knees trembled, yet they read on, and their voices faltered not until they had finished the last line and the false Suleiman was gone.

‘O my brothers,’ said Asof the Vizier, ‘said I not well that it was an Afreet?’

Then they rejoiced and blessed the name of the Prophet.

‘Let us,’ said Asof, ‘first slay the Kafirs, and afterwards go search for Suleiman himself, who hath doubtless suffered enchantment, and is in some strange shape—it may be a bird, or a beast, or an unclean thing.’

They exorcised the palace and the city in the name of the Prophet ; they drove away all lurking devils, and entreated Suleiman to return. But he came not. Then they ordered a search.

They searched everywhere ; they examined the harem ; they questioned the ladies, the eunuchs, and the slaves ; they looked into the houses of the city ; they made proclamations and offered rewards. But Suleiman could not be found. Nor did any guess that the scullion-boy, the meanest of the servants, who cleaned the plates and got two small fishes every day for all his pay, was no other than the Sultan.

Now, in his rapid flight, the Sea-Devil Sakhr, being confused in his mind and confounded by the Reading of the Law, let fall the Ring by virtue of which he had wrought so much mischief. Nor did he observe until afterwards that he had lost it. The Ring fell into the Red Sea, where it was swallowed by a small fish; and while this small fish was reflecting that a ring is not so useful for food as a smaller fish, he was himself netted by a fisherman, and put into a basket and carried to El Cûds, where, being sold for next to nothing, being by this time none of the freshest, he was given to the scullion for his day's pay.

First, Suleiman tried to exchange the fish for a loaf but no one would take him because he was stale. Then he resolved to cook the fish and eat him, but he could not. Then he threw the fish upon the ground, and cursed him for his staleness in the name of the Prophet, whereat the fish opened his mouth and threw out the ring.

When Suleiman had the Ring again he made haste to regain his true form and his kingdom, and first he sent a deep sleep upon all the city and its inhabitants, so that for two nights and a day everybody slept. Meantime he called all the Jinns, and made them rebuild the mosque, carry away the empty bottles from his palace, and clear out with scourges all who were left of the idolaters. And when they woke behold the past was a dream! The great mosque was more splendid than before; the Sultan was wiser and more pious; the city was more quiet and well ordered; and by order of Suleiman, every person who spoke of dreams for the next five years was to be basti-

nadoed ; so that dreaming fell into disrepute. As for Sakhr, Suleiman punished him. For he called him by virtue of his Ring, and made him go into a bottle, which he corked and wired and threw into the sea. And for many generations there was marvellous calm, and by desert and by sea the caravans and the ships went in peace and safety, till a fisherman by ill-luck, as Scheherazade hath narrated, found the bottle in his net, opened the cork, and let loose once more that great Sea-Devil Sakhr, to vex and plague mankind.

W. B.

A BALLADE

OF PANURGE CONCERNING HIS MARRIAGE.

PRESENTED TO THE RABELAIS CLUB

By E. W. G.

Si mon mulet transalpin volloit.

If transalpine mules had wings,
My transalpine mule would fly ;
But my silly soul that sings
In a slough of doubt doth lie.
Lawyers, preachers, doctors, I
Gather round me where I go—
Ever in their ears I cry,
Shall I marry, Sirs, or no ?

Master Pantagruel flings
Riddles at me where I sigh :
And the great Gargantua brings
Quaint and learned reasons why
Cuckold-harbour I should try ;
But the wise fool* mocks me so,
That I budge when he goes by !
Shall I marry, Sirs, or no ?

* ' Le fol bien sage.'

Reverend Hippothadeus springs
Free and wifeless, lewd and spry
Round Rondibilis there clings
Wedlock close until he die ;
Bridlegoose is wed on high :
All the forms of life they know
Tell me truly, be not shy,
Shall I marry, Sirs, or no ?

Envoi.

Sirs, the Devil moulds me, fie !
In concupiscence like dough ;
But the shadowy horns I spy !
Shall I marry, Sirs, or no ?

THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY LASSITUDE.

' He has caught with a supreme felicity the spirit of the nineteenth-century lassitude.'—O——R W——E on B——E J——S.

THERE was a painter of weird renown,
His works were the talk of London town.
There were some who flouted, and some who mocked,
And some whose convictions were horribly shocked ;
Some who grumbled, and some who groaned,
Others there were who mumbled and moaned :
Some who coughed, and some who cried,
Others there were who laughed till they died,
And there was an esoteric band,
Who sat and wept at 'em head on hand,
And cried, " He has caught with a skill so shrewd
The nineteenth-century lassitude !
There are men who act, there are men who write,
To gaze and to gabble is our delight.
Activity is antique and rude,
We live in the loveliest lassitude.
Most painters' piping is raw and rank,
We love the lord of the lean and lank ;

‘The bone’ is a better thing than ‘the nude’
 For the nineteenth-century lassitude.
 Most poets’ paint-words are sad to hear,
 Their meaning is fulsomely free and clear ;
 Savagely sound their songs and crude
 To the nineteenth-century lassitude.
 We who have found this signal grace,
 Are well content in our carapace ;
 True joy is this—to be well imbued
 With the nineteenth-century lassitude.”

W. H. P.

ARABESQUES FROM THE BAZAARS.



I.

COLONEL ABDALLAH.

My cheeks are pale, my nose is red,
To match the tarboosh on my head ;
 My eyes are blue and flashing ;
My beard is long and rather light,
My stature short and somewhat slight,
 Although extremely dashing.

The sable-bearded sober Turks
You meet with in old-fashioned works,
 Of these we've made a clearance.
I'm quite one of the modern school,
Who 're European, as a rule,
 In manners and appearance.

I lead the very best of lives,
Have only eight-and-twenty wives,
 And two or three Circassians :
But then, you see, I'm civilised—
Brought up in France—and never prized
 Our barbarous Eastern fashions.

But still I am a Moslem true :
 I've read my Koran through and through,
 And learnt—it so decrees it—
 That I may drink whene'er I roam ;
 And, if I wish to drink at home,
 Must mind that no one sees it.

And when the sparkling cup I sip,
 I feel like a Feringhee ship
 That steams along like winking.
 The worst of Fortune's cannon-balls
 Quite harmless on my armour falls,
 When once I take to drinking.

And if I should at last be wrecked—
 'Tis *Kismet* ! Yet should I expect,
 With my exalted merit,
 That, if I founder, I shall view
 Some bright angelic life-boat crew
 Row up to save my spirit.

Then in the regions of the blest,
 In gorgeous robes of satin dressed,
 I'll wet once more my throttle.
 While bright-eyed Houris stand around,
 And every mortal care is drowned
 In one eternal bottle !

II.

THE COLONEL'S SCHOOLDAYS.

MIND you the time when in life's verdant spring
We lived, two happy schoolboys, at Damascus ?
How Mollah waloped us like anything,
And how unmercifully he used to task us ?

And how we learned the Koran through and through,
And wagged our heads lugubriously intoning ?
And how we learned the Commentaries too ?
And how the name of slippers set us groaning ?

And how we used to loaf about the shops,
And feast on sweetstuff when we'd done our
work, eh ?
And how you stole the Roumi's lollipops,
And how I stole the German Consul's turkey ?

The bird was wild, for in the Consul's yard
He used to range and search for food at pleasure ;
None brought him victuals, and 'twas very hard
To catch him till I hit upon this measure :

I sought the quarter where they sold the meat,
And found a man who vended bullocks' paunches ;
Bought one, and hastened to the bird's retreat,
And squatted down afar off on my haunches.

Then in the courtyard threw the tempting bait,
But in my hand retained the other end of it ;
My quarry did not give me long to wait,
For meat was rare with him, you may depend of it.

And when he'd gobbled half a yard or so,
I put my end up to my mouth and held it,
And gave with all my breath a hearty blow,
Which filled the bladder all the way and swelled it ;

And while the end was sticking in his crop,
I drew him to me gently with the other ;
And ran off home and never dared to stop
Until I'd brought him safely to my mother.

Alas ! how fleeting are the happy hours
Of childhood, with its guiltless fun and pleasure.
Alas ! that in so short a life as ours
The joys are meted in so short a measure !

But pass the bottle, Ali, let us drink—
The world looks brighter if through glass you
view it :
This Clicquot's excellent—and only think !
Our Prophet—peace be on him—never knew it.

III.

ABU NAWÁS.

THE ancient genealogic tree,
Of which I am the ripest fruit,
Bloomed ages since in Araby
With father Adam at the root.

Suleimán said (though what he meant
I must confess I can't conceive),
' If Adam knew I claimed descent
From him, he'd get divorced from Eve !'

Mid many a name that I am most
Reluctantly compelled to pass,
One famous ancestor I boast,—
The courtly wit, Abu Nawás.

He flourished in that glorious time
Which modern poets have agreed
To speak of as 'the golden prime'
Of good King Haroun ar Rashíd.

Ah, Ali ! few such men as he
Are found in these degenerate times :
He drank as much as you or me,
And then his Arab poetry
Would almost match my matchless rhymes.

His prudence and his wisdom clear
 To prove, it need be only said,
 That though the Caliph held him dear,
 And drank with him from year to year,
 The poet never lost his head.

The brightest glass may have a speck !
 And Haroun had a curious whim
 For amputation at the neck
 Of all who disagreed with him.

Abu Nawás, say once a week,
 Would find the Caliph in this fit ;
 But thanks to what the Franks call ' cheek '
 He usually got out of it.

Here is his story, gleaned from books
 That tell of many a doughty deed.
*Yá weled !** bring some fresh *chibouks*
 And B. and S.'s while I read.

* ' Waiter !'

IV.

THE FORFEITS.

‘ IN the name of that God who has not an associate
or partner—of One
Who begets not and is not begotten—has neither a
wife nor a son !

‘ And peace on Mohammed, His Prophet.’—This
sort of thing grows rather stale,
And we Mussulmans get too much of it. Light up !
We’ll pass on to the tale.

On a musnud of state was reclining the Caliph, the
mighty Haroun ;
His brow like the sun it was shining, his face it was
like the full moon ;

And his courtiers around him were standing, like stars
in an indigo sky,
And the saki* the wine-cup was handing—for the
monarch, though pious, was dry.

And the poets their works were reciting in Arabic
numbers divine,
The hearts of all hearers delighting with verses like
Afdhal’s† or mine.

* The butler.

† A celebrated poet.

Then the Caliph glared round the assembly, as a lion
glares round on the herd,
And the knees of the courtiers grew trembly, and their
hearts fluttered e'en as a bird ;

And cold drops were 'distilled from each forehead, and
each tongue to its palate did cling,
For their fear of the Caliph was horrid—he was such
a passionate king !

At length in a voice that with passion was shaking, it
pleased him to speak—
' Does he know whom he treats in this fashion ? Did
ye e'er behold aught like his cheek ?

' This poet, this jester, this chaffer, this pig's son,
this bullock, this ass,
This black-hearted, black-visaged Kafir, this Infidel,
ABU NAWÁS !

' I bade him come hither to meet us, in this serious
Council of State ;
And this is the way he dares treat us. Ye dogs ! he
is five minutes late !'

Then the heart of his highness relented ; Rashíd was
of changeable mood ;
' Maybe he's been somehow prevented ; to get in a
rage does no good.

‘ His jests, too, are always so pleasant, one somehow
his impudence stands ;
Besides, poor Mesrou* just at present has plenty of
work on his hands.

‘ But although I can’t perfectly tame him, till he goes
to the Nita† to school,
At least I can thoroughly shame him, and make him
appear like a fool !

‘ Slaves ! fetch me some eggs—not new laid—you can
find some stale ones that will do.
Now execute quick what I bade you, or else I will
execute you !

They brought him the eggs in a charger all studded
with many a pearl,
The same pattern—though just a bit larger—as that
of Herodias’ girl.

And the Caliph took one egg, and hid it away in his
cushion ; which done,
He bade them all do so. They did it ; and sat
down awaiting the fun.

With an air that was saucy and braggish, with a step
that was jaunty and spruce,
With a smile that was merry and waggish, with a mien
that was reckless and loose,

* The headsman : he was a negro.

† A leathern bag, opening like a tray to receive the head and
blood in decapitations.

With a 'How is your high disposition to-morrow, if
God should so will?'

With a 'Here, in our ancient position, your majesty
seeth us still !'

With a face all be-chalked and be-painted, with a
bound through the portal doth pass
One with whom we're already acquainted, the world-
renowned Abu Nawás!

'Right welcome! Right welcome! my brother,' his
majesty smilingly spake,
'We were just now in want of another, a nice game
at forfeits to make.

'Whatever I do you must watch it, and each do pre-
cisely the same—
If I catch you chaps laughing you'll catch it! sit still
and attend to the game.

'If you do just as I do, precisely, a *dinâr* a-piece
shall ye gain;
If you don't, won't I give it you nicely!—*Mesrour*!
you stand by with the cane!'

He spake: and the smile on his features was mis-
chievous, cunning and grim,
And the courtiers, poor awe-stricken creatures, smiled
feebly and gazed upon him.

‘Cluck, cluck, cluck aroo!’ representing the note of
a jubilant hen,
The Caliph uprises, presenting an egg to the sight of
all men.

‘Cluck, cluck, cluck aroo!’ and the rabble are all at
once up on their legs,
And with ornithological gabble display their mysterious
eggs.

Then without in the least hesitating steps Abu Nawás
before all,
‘Cock-a-doodle doo doo!’ imitating a rooster’s hila-
rious call.

‘Now I know why it is that you cackle,’ said he,
‘when you’re trying to talk!’
And you find me a hard one to tackle, because I am
COCK OF THE WALK!’

Ah, Ali! ’tis grand when one numbers, amongst the
illustrious dead,
Such forefathers—damn it! he slumbers. I’ll leave
him and toddle to bed.

V.

THE COLONEL ON TOLERATION.

ALI ! there's no other nation,
 Though we never make a fuss,
 Where religious toleration
 Is encouraged as with us.

Bigots ! It's a shameful libel ;
 Why, 'twas but the other week
 We gave Layard back his Bible,
 And we didn't hang Tevfik.

If a man forswears allegiance
 To the Sultan, then, of course,
 We, to punish disobedience,
 Have to put the law in force.

And—since Kafir institutions
 Will not fit in with our own—
 Though there may be executions,
 They are never persecutions
 For the sake of faith alone.

But the proofs are full and ample
 That ours is a tolerant creed ;
 I have here a great example
 In the pious Ar Rashîd.

One fine evening the Caliph
 Had indulged in heavy wet,
 Till he didn't know an *alif**
 From the neighbouring minaret.

And awaking on the morrow
 With (what all must feel at times)
 Red-hot coppers, thought with sorrow
 Of his fellow creatures' crimes.

'Shall not Allah's own vice-gerent,'
 Said he, 'Break the drunkard's glass—
 Crush in man this vice inherent?
 Here, you sot, Abu Nawás !

'My great clemency prevailing,
 Grants to thee the choice to make
 'Twixt beheading and impaling;
 Shall it be a chop or stake?'

But the still undaunted poet
 Takes it all for pleasant fun,
 'How your majesty does go it!
 May I ask what I have done?'

'Done !' the Caliph cried, with curses,
 'Is it not thy wont to sing
 Dissipated doggrel verses
 Bidding men the wine-cup bring?'

* The letter is the first in the alphabet. The proverb quoted, '*Ma ya'rifsh al alif minnal mādneh*,' is equivalent to the English, 'He doesn't know a big B from a bull's foot.' Our Arabic proverb is, however, more elegant.—ABDALLAH.

' I suspect from your condition
Men do bring it very oft ;
Would you slay me on suspicion ?' *
Asks the bard in accents soft

' Then religion, too, you scoff at ;
Here, for instance, when you say
" Come along, my noble Prophet,
We will fight with fate to-day !" †

' Well, and *did* we ?' asked the poet.
' How should I know ?' said the king.
' Then, when you yourself don't know it,
Would you kill me for a thing ?'

' Cease,' cried Haroun, ' this contention ;
Thou hast often in thy verse
Owned to things too bad to mention,
And deserving death, or worse !'

' Allah told us long ago that
What I say I never do ;
And your majesty must know that,
Since you've read your Koran through :

* ' Verily some suspicion is a sin ' (' Korán,' ch. xlix., v. 12). This was very impressive to so good a Muslim as the lamented Commander of the Faithful.—ABDALLAH.

† ' *Nakl i kufr, kufr na bâshad,*' as the Persians say : ' To relate a blasphemous expression is not blasphemy.' Allah, save us !
—ABDALLAH.

“THE ERRING FOLLOW IN THE POETS’ WAY ; SEEST
THOU NOT HOW IN EACH VALE THEY STRAY ? AND
HOW THEY NEVER DO THE THINGS THEY SAY ?” *

This Koranic erudition
Left the King no more to say,
So the other, with submission,
Took the chance to slip away.

Ali ! it should make us humbler
When of men like this we read !
Let us take another tumbler,
Just to drink to Ar Rashid.

* ‘Korán,’ ch. xxvi. v. 224-226

VI.

REPARTEE.

I'VE studied all the learned works
Of Persians, Arabs, Greeks and Turks,
 I've gone into theology,
Koranic exegesis, jurisprudence,
mathematics too,
 And logic and astrology.

There's scarce a book on any art
Or science I've not learned by heart,
 Or taken at least a peep in it.
But that which fascinated me
The most of all was repartee—
 I've dived extremely deep in it.

I may say that the art is one
For which there in our line has run
 A wonderful facility,
My ancestor, Abu Nawás,
Oft found it in an awkward pass
 Of practical utility.

One day as he with Haroun sat,
And talked away of this or that,

The conversation turned upon
The various sins that men commit
When in a mad or drunken fit,
A subject he was learned upon.

Said he, 'Your majesty is wrong—
I've argument both sound and strong
To prove the thing conclusively ;
Excuse is very often worse
Than crime ;' the Caliph with a curse
(He argued so abusively),

Said, 'Dare you disagree with me ?
I say the thing can never be,
But as you seem so sure of it,
I'll make you prove that you are right—
Or off your head shall go to-night !—
You're drunk, and that's the cure of it !'

The Caliph rose, and left the place ;
The other, with a smiling face,
Just nodded at him pleasantly ;
But Mesrour, always prone to scoff,
Said, 'We shall wag that headpiece off
Between us two, sir, presently.'

That evening Ar Rashid the good
Was going home in pensive mood,
His temper an uncertain one ;
For fair Zobeideh gave her lord
Long lectures, and with drink on board
He often got a curtain one.

But scarcely did his footsteps fall
 Upon the pavement of the hall,
 Lit dimly and religiously,
 When someone on a sudden ran
 Up to him, and at once began
 To kiss him most prodigiously.

The Caliph felt a scrubby chin
 That rasped and razed his tender skin,
 Excessively annoying him,
 And called for Mesrour and a light,
 And shouted out, in rage and fright,
 That someone was destroying him.

And when, responding to his call,
 The eunuchs and the pages all
 Came in a body rushing there,
 Lo and behold ! Abu Nawás,
 With countenance as bold as brass,
 Stood fearless and unblushing there.

‘ You dog ! ’ the wrathful Caliph said,
 ‘ Before Mesrour strikes off your head,
 Say what the deuce you mean by it.
 ‘ *I thought it was your wife,* ’ replied
 The wag ; ‘ don’t say I ever lied
 Myself to try and screen by it ! ’

‘ Why ! ’ said, with his accustomed curse,
 The Caliph, ‘ your excuse is worse

Than is the fault committed, sir !'
' I'm glad your highness owns I'm right ;
You bade me prove to you to-night
The point you've just admitted, sir !'

Now, Ali ! you'll agree with me
About the power of repartee ;
There are few things exceeding it.
But our relation to resume—
Confound the man, he's left the room—
The scamp !—while I've been reading it.

VII.

THE ASTROLOGER.

ALACK a day, for the days of old
 When heads were clever and hearts were true,
 And a Caliph scattered stores of gold
 On men, my Ali, like me and you !

Haroun was moody, Haroun was sad,
 And he drank a glass of wine or two ;
 But it only seemed to make him mad,
 And the cup at the Sakis' head he threw.

Came Yahya* in ; and he dodged the glass
 That all too near to his turban flew ;
 And he bowed his head, and he said, ' Alas !
 Your majesty seems in a pretty stew !'

' And well I may,' the monarch said ;
 ' And so, my worthy friend, would you,
 If you knew that you must needs be dead
 And buried, perhaps, in a day or two.

* Yahya the Barmecide was Haroun al Raschid's Prime Minister. He was the father of Jafer, whose incognito walks through Bagdad are a favourite theme in the 'Arabian Nights.'—ED.

‘For the man who writes the almanacks—
Ez Zadkiel, a learned Jew—
Has found, amongst other distressing facts,
That the days I have left upon earth are few.’

‘Call up the villain!’ the vizier cried,
‘That he may have the reward that’s due,
For having, the infidel, prophesied
A thing that is plainly quite untrue.’

The Caliph waved his hand, and soon
A dozen dusky eunuchs flew;
And back in a trice before Haroun
They set the horoscopic Jew.

‘Now tell me, sirrah!’ says Yahya, ‘since
From astral knowledge so well you knew
The term of the life of our sovereign prince,
How many years are left to you?’

‘May Allah lengthen the Vizier’s days!
His Highness’ loss all men would rue;
Some eighty years, my planet says,
Is the number that I shall reach unto.’

A single stroke of Yahya’s sword
Has severed the Jew’s neck quite clean through—
‘Now tell me, sire, if the fellow’s word
Seems, after that, in the least bit true?’

Haroun he smiled, and a purse of gold
He handed over to Yahya true;
And the headless corpse, all white and cold,
The eunuchs in the gutter threw.

What loyalty that act displays,
Combined with a sense of humour too—
Ah, Ali ! those were palmy days !
And those Barmecides, what a lot they knew !

VIII.

THE COLONEL ON THE TRADITIONS.

ABU NAWAS had studied more
Traditional and sacred lore
 Than Bagdad's other sages ;
The lawfulness of drinking wine
He'd prove to you from any line
 Throughout the Korán's pages.

He'd prove that all the Caliph did
Was acting as the Prophet bid,
 And quote his very speeches.
He'd say, ' Sheikh A. once told to me
That he had heard from Dr. B.
 That Dr. C. thus teaches :

' That Dr. D.——' and so he'd get
Completely through the alphabet ;
 And he was sure upon it,
' That Z. had heard the Prophet say
That there was only one right way,
 And Er Rashid was on it.' *

While on the Tigris once afloat,
A Christian with him in the boat,
 And who had just been drinking,

* Er Rashid means one who is in the right way.

Politely filled a brimming glass,
And handed to Abu Nawás,
Who drank it without thinking.

‘Oh!’ said the Christian, ‘I forgot
Wine is forbidden, is it not?’
‘It is,’ replied the poet.
‘The question is, though, is it clear
That this *is* wine we’re drinking here?
If so, how do you know it?’

‘The wine,’ said he, ‘I gave to you
My slave-boy purchased of a Jew
Who sells it on the quiet.’
Said Bu Nawás, ‘You are a flat
To notice evidence like that,
And be deluded by it :

‘I take with caution most things said
By A. or B. of X. or Z.
Of what the Prophet told him ;
And shall I take a Christian’s word
For what a slave-boy may have heard
Of what a Jew has sold him ?’

Tradition, Ali, plainly proves
That laws against a thing one loves
Were never made for keeping ;
And I shall show that the Korán
In chapter—why, confound the man !
He’s all the while been sleeping.

E. H. P.

‘THE TEMPEST’ AND ‘THE STORM;’

OR,

SHAKESPEARE AND RABELAIS.

WAS Shakespeare well read in ‘the book called Rabelais’? Had he ever read his Rabelais at all? It is strange that nearly all of those who have considered this question incline to answer it in the negative. Mr. Swinburne, it is true, with the intuition of a poet, and guided in all probability by exact observation, speaks boldly of ‘the admiration and even imitation of Rabelais by Shakespeare,’ and examines in full and simple faith the manifest parallel of Falstaff and Panurge. But the small negativists who stickle for fine proof, continue to exactly prove their sympathy with Mephistopheles, *der Geist der stets verneint*, by denying that there are in Shakespeare’s works any instances of such trover in conversion as would hold good in a court of literature, did such a court exist.

‘You must borrow me Gargantua’s mouth first: ’tis a word too great for any of this age’s size,’ says Celia, in ‘As You Like It.’ That proves nothing, say the critics. Gargantua’s mouth was a proverbial expression

in France, and it had become common in England through Rabelais. Let us grant it. Many a man talks of Hercules who never shot with his bow; many a worthy cit quotes Shakespeare who never read him. More than that, let us waive discussion of sundry other disputed passages, and with it all controversy, and confine ourselves to an examination of the 'Tempest' of Shakespeare and the 'Storm' of Rabelais, and see what there is in common between them.

Both Shakespeare and Rabelais plunge into the midst with their Storm and Tempest. The first words of the boatswain and master have all the rattle and spring of those of 'Alcofribas.' 'Take in the topsail!' and '*Fit mettre voile bas*' (translated 'Settle their top-sail,' by Urquhart), occur in both, as also an exhortation to the crew, in the one to 'fall to 't yarely,' in the other to be *à l'herte*, or 'alert,' much the same as yarely. Passing a few sentences, we come to the remark of Gonzalo on the boatswain:

'I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.'

With the perseverance of an old man who has found a joke at another's expense, Gonzalo continues to 'saw' away with this old saying. Again he cries:

'I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell and as leaky as an unstanched wench.'

And yet again :

‘He’ll be hanged yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid’st to glut him.’

Shakespeare himself loved this joke as well as Gonzalo, as he gives it again in ‘The Two Gentlemen of Verona,’ i. 7. In the ‘Storm’ of Rabelais it was elaborately worked out : ‘By the worthy gown which I wear,’ said Friar John, ‘my friend, during the tempest, thou wert afraid without cause and without reason. For thy fatal destinies are not to perish by water. High in the air thou’lt certainly be hung, or gaily burned like a Father.’ With much more to the same end, both writers making the most of it.

In both scenes there is roaring and rousing abuse of a noisy passenger who does nothing, or of recrimination like unto it. ‘You bawling, blasphemous incharitable dog !’ says Sebastian, in the style of Friar John. ‘Work you, then,’ replies the boatswain. ‘Hang, cur, hang ! you insolent whoreson noise-maker.’ ‘A plague upon this howling !’ In the ‘Storm’ of Rabelais it is, ‘A thousand devils seize the cuckoldy, cow-hearted mongrel,’ and ‘Would it not become thee much better to help us than lie bellowing like a cow ?’

Gonzalo next exclaims : ‘Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground . . . The wills above be done ! but I would fain die a dry death !’

Panurge cried : ‘My man, could you not throw me ashore ? . . . I will give you all Golonigondinois, and my large shore, full of whelks, cockles and periwinkles,

(*cacquerollerie*), if by your industry I ever find firm land.'

The wish for an acre of barren land is substantially expressed elsewhere by Panurge in his desire to be a cabbage-planter. He also says in another storm, book v. c. 18: 'Would to God I were this hour on land, and nothing more !' The wish to die a dry death corresponds with an old joke, obscurely expressed twice by Panurge, who cries to the steward to bring him salt meat, as he is about to be drowned. He again returns to it by proposing to eat cabirotadoes, a dish prepared with pepper and hot spices, as a safeguard against drowning. He alleges other reasons, but the joke manifestly is that he wishes to perish dry.

It is in the grand description of the tempest itself by Ariel, that we find the similarity of simile growing stronger. Here there is indeed subtle but certain alchemy :

'I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin
I flamed amazement : sometimes I'd divide
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not ; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seemed to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.'

In this we have distinctly expressed a tremendous confusion of the elements, in which a great variety of electric flames and lights play a conspicuous part. This

is a marked and singular characteristic of the sketch. In the ‘Storm’ it is thus set forth : ‘The heaven thundered from on high, it thundered, lightened, rained, hailed ; the air lost its transparency, it became opaque, dark, and obscured ; no other light appeared to us save thunder (*foudres*), lightnings, and the rendings of flaming clouds, the hurricanes, flaws and sudden whirlwinds (*catérides thielles, lélapes, et preteres*) began to make a flame about us, by the lightning’s fiery vapours and other ethereal ejaculations. How our looks were full of amazement and trouble (Urquhart : *Nos aspects tous être dissipez et perturbéz*) (while) the horrific typhones—(typhons or typhoons—winds) conquered (*surprendre*) the mounting waves of the current. Believe me, it seemed to be the ancient chaos, in which fire, air, sea, earth, all the elements, were in refractory confusion.’

In Shakespeare’s description Jove’s lightnings surpass bold waves or Neptune’s trident ; in the ‘Storm’ of Rabelais, the typhon-tempest conquers the waves. This typhon, or wind, is in the preceding passage directly connected with electric light ; we are told it caused it. To continue :

‘The king’s son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair),
Was the first man that leap’d ; cried, “Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.”’

Amazement at the great variety of electric fires is distinctly expressed by the characters in both the ‘Tempest’ and the ‘Storm.’ Ferdinand exclaims that ‘all the devils are here !’ This is sufficiently original. Panurge declares : ‘I think all the millions of devils hold

here their provincial chapter.' 'I believe it is the unholy holiday (*l'infeste*) of all the millions of devils.' Again Panurge cries : 'I think that all the devils are got loose . . . or else Madame Proserpine's in child-bed labour.' In Henry VIII. Gardiner says :

'Affairs, that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks despatch by day . . .
Lovell. . . The queen's in labour.'

Ariel, in assuring his master of the safety of the sailors, declares that there is

'On their sustaining garments not a blemish.'

By Rabelais we are told that the sailors went ashore at L'Isle Farouche, or the Wild Island, because their garments were soiled.

The appearance of Ariel and his opposite, Caliban, suggests a singular source of their origin. The two are perfect antitheses : the one representing grace and ærial beauty, purity, and gentleness ; the other all that is earthly and vile. This, and the begetting of Caliban by the Devil on a hideous witch, recalls the conversation held not long after the storm by Pantagruel and his friends, relative to Shrovetide, and the comparison of him with Arnodunt and Dissoname, begotten by Antiphysis on Tellumon. Indeed, the tempest and storm are not long passed before we are presented in one mysterious island with two unearthly beings, the one as beautiful as the other is repulsive ; while in the other island there is a description and discussion of the

two antitypes of beauty—Nature, Beauty, and Harmony being contrasted with Un-nature and the children Irregularity and Discord, born of Tellumon. The very name of 'Earth,' by which Prospero calls Caliban, is suggestive of Tellumon, *i.e.*, 'Earth as to production.'

Caliban declares that his profit by learning speech is that it enables him to curse. This is in full accord with the excessive profanity of Friar John and the remonstrances of Panurge on the subject. It is not merely that there is swearing in both 'Tempest' and 'Storm.' This would be little more than saying 'There is salmons in both.' But profanity as a subject of sin, and as a means of relief, is more than hinted at.

From the tempest the royal party enter a mysterious island with supernatural inhabitants. After the storm Pantagruel with his friends land on the Island of the Macreons, the dwelling-place of the demons and heroes. Here they learn that the storm was the result of the death of one of these great souls. Three chapters—the 26th, 27th, 28th of book iv.—are here devoted to explaining how the deaths of heroes are accompanied with comets, meteors, storms, darkness, prodigies, foreboding signs, and the like. This idea is presented with wonderful beauty in 'Hamlet,' i. 1 :

'In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless . . .
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun, and the moist stars . . .
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,
I have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climates and countrymen.'

See also '1 Henry VI.' i. 1 :

'Tis thought the king is dead—we will not stay ;
The bay-trees in our country all are withered,
And meteors fight the fixed stars of heaven . . .
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.'

In the 'Tempest,' iii. 2, Ariel speaks unseen. Immediately after the storm Pantagruel, while in conversation with Macrobius, tells the story of the Voice which called in the night to the Egyptian Thamous. But there are in the island of the 'Tempest' not only aërial voices, but different kinds of music.

'The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.'

Not long after the storm (bk. iv. c. 54), Pantagruel declares he hears voices in the air, which prove to be unfrozen or thawed words. Among these unfrozen sounds was the music of drums, fifes, clarions, and trumpets. Panurge prays Pantagruel to give him some of these words, but his master replied that to *give words* is the part of a lover. Polonius forbids Desdemona 'to give words' to Hamlet, *i.e.*, to encourage his love. Pantagruel also refuses to sell the frozen sounds because that was the business of a lawyer, recalling the 'buy men's voices' in 'Julius Cæsar,' v. 1. Of these frozen words we learn that 'one that was pretty big, having been warmed between Friar John's hands, gave a sound much like that of chestnuts when they are thrown into the fire.' In 'Taming of the Shrew,' Petruchio says :

'That gives not half so great a sound to hear
As does a chest nut in a farmer's fire.'

In the ‘Tempest,’ ii. 1, Stephano mistakes Caliban and Trinculo, under one covering, for a four-legged human monster. In the conference on Shrovetide (Rabelais, bk. iv. c. 32), the children of Antiphysis are described as walking on their hands and feet, continually turning round, which is very suggestive of a quadrupedal human monster.

In the ‘Tempest,’ iii. 2, Caliban says :

‘And take his bottle from him : when that’s gone,
He shall drink nought but brine.’

Panurge (Pant. iv. 33) exclaims : ‘Did it but spout good, brisk, dainty, delicious, white wine, instead of this bitter, stinking salt-water !’ Also, ‘How bitter and salt this water is !’

‘I drink the air before me,’ says Ariel. May not the expression have been suggested by the toppers of Ruach, seen soon after the storm, who drank at their carousal only air ? And is there a reminiscence of the battle with the Chitterlings, where Gymnast kills a *gros cervelat sauvage*, in ‘Young Drop-Heir that killed Lusty-Pudding’ in ‘Measure for Measure’ ?

It is not so long or far before Panurge cites to Homenas (iv. 52) an ancient prophecy, thus translated by Urquhart :

‘Ever since decrees had tails [wings, *ales*]
And *gens d’armes* lugged heavy mails,
Since each monk would have a horse,
All went here from bad to worse.’

Compare this with the exquisite parody of an old prophecy, uttered by the Fool in ‘Lear,’ ii. 3 :

‘When priests are more in word than matter ;
When brewers mar their malt with water ;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors ; . . .
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Be brought to great confusion.'

We have here in both cases not only a parody of an old prophecy in the same old measure, but one in which the reversal of the conditions of society and the deterioration of priests form the subject.

We have in 'Othello,' iii. 3 : 'Chaos is come again.' In the 'Storm' of Rabelais we find, 'Croiez que ce nous sembloit être l'antique Chaos.'

Panurge in the 'Storm' wishes that the good heavens may send him some dolphin to carry him safe on shore, like some pretty little Arion ! Does not this recall 'Twelfth Night,' i. 1, 'Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back' ? The Prince in 'Henry IV.,' ii. 4, tells Poins that he has in a quarter of an hour become so good a proficient in slang that he can drink with a tinker in his own language. Panurge, in providing for their voyage, promises to make, in so short a time that it may all be learned before daybreak, a dictionary of the Lantern language, *i.e.*, a kind of back-slang of half or abbreviated words. Whatever its real nature was, Rabelais meant by it a jargon or sham language. It may interest the reader to know that there is really a separate and peculiar tinker's language, known among themselves as *Thari shelta* or *Minklas thari*, which is different from Romany, though it contains words from the latter, and that Shakespeare is the only writer who ever spoke of it.

Among these preparations Panurge consults the oracles, one of which, like that in '2 Henry VI.,' i. 4, is entirely equivocal. Now it may be fairly objected that neither

the employment of an ambiguous oracle, nor the feigned citation of an old prophecy, nor the use of such figures as Chaos, nor the mention of the connection between spring-time and lechery (Vide Rabelais Chron., c. 29, 5 ; 'Love's Labour's Lost,' v. 3), decisively prove any borrowing. But I have cited other instances which indicate such appropriation far more clearly, and of the mass and number every addition confirms the rest. I would willingly pass over the disputed questions as to Nero and Timon's speech to the banditti and Gargantua's mouth, but the mass of resemblances between the 'Tempest' and the 'Storm' and the scenes not remote from them, seem to be much more important. And these are very far from being all that I could cite ; they are simply the result of a very few hours' research. Granted that Shakespeare had read Rabelais at all, it would follow as a matter of course that he would have keenly appreciated the humour of one so akin to himself in genius. And consciously, or unconsciously, he would have alchemised the French silver into his own gold.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

THE PITEOUS BALLAD OF POETS
WHO HAVE NOTHING TO SAY.

CLERKS with men's love and praise and roses crowned,
Dittors with rings, and chains, and goblets paid,
Great laurelled heads of bygone bards renowned,
Singers whose songs are loved of youth and maid,
Whose tears bring sorrow and whose mirth makes
glad :

Pity us poets, here in grievous plight,
Who ever strive for verse, nor cease to write,
Yet win no love, and have no praise for pay,
Because a scornful fate hath cursed, in spite,
Our barren brains with nothing new to say.

We know all fangled fashions, newly found :
The latest form of speech our own we've made :
We know the newest tricks of tune and sound :
With heedful eyes we watch how things are said,
And mark how words are weighed and rhymes are
laid.

We flout and sneer at those who will indite
Plain songs in simple guise for man's delight,
And wonder why the people go their way
While we, unheard, and unregarded quite,
Pipe on and sing, with nothing new to say.

Nought helps us, what we sing : we wander round
The charnel houses where leg-bones are laid :
We sing of leprous loves : our brows are bound
With night-shade : vampires, worms, and things of
dread,
And pest and madness, in sweet verse we braid,
Or jingle rhymes in ancient guise bedight.
Chanson royal and *ballads* turned aright,
Rondeau, *rondel*, *tençon*, and *virelay*,
With words forgotten many a day and night,
We warp and weave, with nothing new to say.

Prince, while we wail before thy royal sight,
With guerdon meet our thankless pains requite :
We ask no chain nor robe of rich array :
Only dead leaves in place of chaplet bright,
Fit crown for those with nothing new to say.

W. B.

INSCRIPTION FOR A GIN PALACE.

MANHOOD its cares, and childhood its fretfulness,
And woman her wrongs here awhile may lay by ;
Here in one draught you have food and forgetfulness ;
Weary-worn traveller, enter and try !

W D L N.

A VERY IDLE DREAM.

IT was a warm Saturday afternoon in July, and I sat in my chambers poring over the crabbed bequests of some foolish testator, who, forty years or more ago, had been, as the poet saith, 'so good as to die, leaving this rubbish to cumber the land;' that is to say, an obscure and ill-penned will; which is by so much the worse than a pedantic book that, whereas if a man chooses to read a dull book it is his own folly, a will is not only a document which must needs be read, but, notwithstanding the reclamations of common human reason and the authority of great men of letters to the contrary in the case of every other human composition, we poor lawyers are bound to find a sense for it. Thus I was trying to discover, by the light of recorded cases where the Courts had construed aforetime various clauses in various other wills more or less resembling this one in the manner of their unintelligibility, whether a certain infant had taken an original or a substituted gift under the dispositions of my most judicious testator, and whether a vested or a contingent interest. And being a little drowsy with the

heat, I fell to marvelling whether for the deciding of these high controversies the method of pure tossing up or dice-casting, after the example of Justice Bridoye of excellent memory, might not peradventure be as likely to fulfil the true intention of the testator as all the rules of construction that had been elaborated in all the cases, and save much trouble to the living besides. And then I thought, with the poet, that it would be a good and pleasant thing to 'forget the oaf over a jolly chapter of Rabelais;' but I could not, for I did not allow myself to keep such vain books at my chambers; though, indeed, the ecclesiastical appeals that fill a goodly proportion of sundry late volumes of the Law Reports may be deemed to have a certain Pantagruelic quality. Then I longed for space and air, and suddenly I found myself outside in the court, which in the common course of things would have been pretty well deserted at that time. But not only the air seemed fresh and bright beyond common experience, and had a savour of trees and flowers unmixed with dust and dirt, but there was an unwonted stir and bustle afoot. And it seemed to me that the buildings had grown loftier and more spacious, and withal better proportioned and pleasanter to look upon. And as I cast my eyes around to see what was a-doing, I perceived that from every staircase there were issuing young men in the uniform of the Inns of Court Volunteers: I judged that they were still for the most part students and young apprentices, for only some few of the officers and sergeants appeared to be past middle age. Many people of all sorts went along with them down to the Temple Gardens, and

among these I went also. Then it seemed to me that it was a marvellous great muster, knowing as I did what Saturday parades, even for a special field-day, were apt to be. And among all the people there was no face that I knew, but if I spoke to any man he answered me courteously, and seemed in no way surprised at my being there, or at my ignorance concerning what I saw. Nevertheless, I wondered not much at any of these things, but I only looked and questioned. Presently the men began to fall in to their companies, and it was plain that they were a battalion full a thousand strong. Meanwhile there came up from the Embankment a sound of ordered steps and of martial music, and I could see that other regiments in great numbers were coming from the City westward. Now there stood near me an old man whose grey hair and beard were turning to white, and he spoke with the captain of one of the Inns of Court companies, who looked as if he might be his son. And when the officer had gone to take his post, I asked the father, if so he was, what great occasion it might be that brought out the men both of the Inns of Court and of the City in such force. And he answered that it was indeed an especial day, but the muster was nothing out of the common. Then, remembering what a pitiful fraction of the apprentices in the law had been found in my own knowledge either to promise or to perform any such service, I asked if they were all volunteers nowadays. Then he said that there was none to be found either in the Inns of Court or in all England who, being of man's estate and able-bodied, free from blindness, deafness, halting, deformity, or other

grievous hindrance, was not exercised in arms and the discipline of war from his youth up. Then I was for commending the wisdom of the Parliament that had made such a wholesome statute ; but the old man took me up, and said it was indeed within his remembrance allowed and fortified by sundry good statutes, but for the thing itself, it was the custom of the realm. But methought this should be a strange custom, for that it must have had its beginning long since the time of legal memory ; and I made some hint of this to my instructor : but he answered (and therewith his eyes kindled a little) that it was a good custom notwithstanding, and any man who, not being hindered as aforesaid, learnt not to bear arms for the defence of the realm would surely be deemed a *Nothing* wherever he fared in England. And it seemed to me that some great need must in time past have come upon the Parliament and the people to teach them this wisdom. But as I began to say to the old man (whom by this time I knew to be some worshipful person, and courteous withal) something to this effect, his brows darkened straightway, and he looked upon the ground ; and though it passed away quickly, his look was so sad and stern that I durst not question him further. So that time I had to do without an answer. But I thought of the words of the wise Englishman who had said, many years before, 'Better to be despised for too anxious apprehensions than ruined by too confident a security.'

By this time the Inns of Court had marched out, and as I followed them to the Embankment I saw that the person I had spoken with walked along with me, and seemed willing to make himself my guide, with which,

being as it were a stranger in places I had known all my life, I was well content. And he proposed to me that we should go on to Westminster, and attend the sitting of the House of Commons. I asked him what great and urgent affairs of State should make the House sit of a Saturday ; whereto he answered, smiling a little, that I should hear of no great affairs of State, but of matters touching solemn festivals, and shows and triumphs, and the encouragement of liberal arts ; for that on certain Saturdays the House met expressly to consider of these things at leisure, and most members found in them, being of a cheerful nature and by common understanding kept outside party politics, more of a pleasure than a business. And thus we came to the House, and we saw Mr. Speaker go in to prayers, in a fashion somewhat more orderly and stately than I remembered ; but instead of a wig he wore a kind of coif, which methought suited better with his robes and was more seemly. Then we passed in, and sat under the Speaker's gallery (my guide being, as it seemed, a man in authority), and he showed me sundry persons of note, both within and without the House. There were two whom I noted specially, since we came very close to them ; the one was a man of active and spare habit, and not yet old, and he spoke earnestly in a clear flowing tongue, which I thought was Persian, to an Eastern prince or chief man, for such he appeared by his dress, whose beard was snow-white and his eyes piercing black. And the Englishman, as I learnt, was the Secretary of State for India, and the other was Háji Ahmed Khan, whose horsemen had smitten the Cossacks and the Turcomans on the Oxus, from Balkh even to

Bokhara, a generation and more ago, in the wars and troubles that followed on the great Russian revolution ; and he was approved moreover as a wise and politic man in counsel, and he was the first of the Indian life peers.

But for the business of the House of Commons, it was of a fashion I knew not. For, after some formal matters were disposed of, Mr. Speaker directed the Clerk at the table to read a letter from the President of the French Assembly. And it was read in the original, which was good French of the sixteenth century, and its tenor was to entreat that honourable House to send a deputation to the next coming Feast of Rabelais at Tours. In answer to which it was unanimously resolved, on the motion of the President of the Committee of Council on Arts and Letters, that the acceptance of the House should be signified in the like tongue, the framing of the letter being referred to the Standing Committee in the accustomed manner. And then the Clerk read a letter from the Archon Basileus at Athens ; this was to bid the House, after the same manner, to the Panathenæa, and it was read both in Greek and in English, but I noticed that few members listened to the English. Now at this there was a certain stir and expectation, and the Minister of Arts and Letters rose in his place, as if he had something more than common to say. Which indeed he had, for he opened to the House the mind of himself and his colleagues that not only a deputation should go to that festival, but it was convenient they should not go empty-handed. It was in the recollection of the House that of late years there had been many petitions, representations,

humble desires, memorials, pamphlets, letters, leading articles, and suggestions and hints of every sort, from divers persons and bodies, and notably from the Newton Scholars who went out to the English college at Athens from the Universities, all showing how it would be for the advantage as well of the said scholars, and other English students from time to time commorant at Athens in great numbers, as of other students and learned persons of other nations, that Athens, being now the capital resort and as it were *officina litterarum* of travellers from every civilized country, should no longer be without those her chief masterpieces, which in evil times had been rescued by English hands (albeit in unskilful sort) from dangers of neglect and of barbarians, and had been in safe keeping in England until now. And, in short, the Minister concluded with moving a resolution that for the worthier honouring of the Panathenæa, and the better promotion of art and learning, it was expedient that the sculptures of the Parthenon should against that time be, with all due pomp and solemnity, carried back to their first abode. Now this (as my new friend told me) was a thing already much whispered and rumoured of; so that there was little surprise in the House, but much noise and cheering. And the leader of the Opposition rose in his place, and much praised the intention of the Government and the fitness of the occasion; yet not without hinting that they had been a long while making up their minds, and that if his party had been in office the thing might well have been done sooner. There was one member for a decayed seaport who got up and complained of the depression of British

trade, and said that at least the Greeks ought to pay the charges of this transport. But an Under-Secretary asked him, without so much as rising, if then he remembered who had sent the copies of all the Olympian sculptures to the British Museum : and he durst not say anything more, or challenge a division. And when Mr. Speaker put the question and said that the Ayes had it, there was more cheering and a great bustle and buzz of talk. But the Greek Minister, who had been listening attentively all the while, jumped up as one seized with frenzy, and ran out vehemently to the telegraph office in Westminster Hall ; and certain Westminster boys, who were there by ancient custom (though the school was long since removed a moderate distance to a fair open site on the west side of London), followed him, saluting him in Greek, and calling out apposite verses of Homer. But in the vehemence of his running he stumbled as he went down the steps, and would indeed have fallen on his nose had not a policeman caught him ; and the boys called out the more after him, jesting on him as if they had been gephurizers at the Eleusinian feast, and reciting Aristophanic verses ; and he took it not amiss, but liberally repaid them in the same coin. Presently he came back, and we left him talking joyfully with the Minister of Arts and Letters, and their speech was choice Attic when it was not English.

After this my guide would have me come with him to the Abbey, where we should hear something worth the hearing. And the Abbey was thronged with people, and there was a full band of music made ready as for a solemn function. There was some little press as folk

went in, though no disorder, and I noted a man of a free and open countenance, and features reminding me a little of Socrates, a plain citizen to all appearance, and yet all that were there made way for him ; and I thought perhaps he was some leading Parliament-man who had not been in the House that day. So I asked concerning him, and I was told that he was of the right lineage of Charles Darwin, and that it fared thus with all the descendants of great men so long as they did nothing that misbecame their ancestry. But now the Dean and Chapter entered in procession, and there came with them one in the scarlet gown of a Doctor of Music, and a conductor's wand in his hand. Likewise there were other men with wands, having white robes, and the hoods of their musical degrees, and they went to places that seemed appointed for them, overlooking divers parts of the congregation. And the Precentor took his place, and commanded attention with his wand ; and they began a solemn music, and the players were as those that played at the feast of Beethoven at Bonn, and his conducting was as the conducting of Hans Richter. And that which they played was Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. But when I saw that there was no chorus, it seemed to me strange that a good work should be thus cut short ; and I wondered if the fees for monuments had ceased, from the Abbey being chock-full, or men having become wiser, so that the Dean and Chapter had enough to do to pay the band. Yet I saw that certain of the Precentor's fellows were at the front, as if they should sing presently. So I put aside my doubts of this, and listened as best I might ; and between the movements there was great

silence, nor did any one go in or out. And in the last movement, when the time of the chorus was come, I beheld a new thing. For the Precentor turned about and faced the people, and they all stood up; likewise the men in white robes arose in their places, and directed each his company of the people. And the congregation sang orderly in the parts that belonged to that chorus, both men and women; there seemed scarce any that could not sing, and the more part of them sang without book. Never had I heard the like before, and I had great joy thereof. And when the music was done, it was a little while before I could say anything, and indeed I could see that most people as they went away spoke not much. In due time I heard from my worthy guide that this was the doing of the Bach Choir, which after much toil had greatly waxed, and many years past had gotten a royal charter, and was now a great and flourishing corporation, with branches in every town of any consideration in the kingdom: and to hear Sebastian Bach's great Mass when they sang it on the 21st of March in every year was a thing men came for from far and near. But once in ten years they went to Eisenach for that festival, and the men of Eisenach were fain to see them, and entreated them worshipfully. Then we walked in the park, and we saw statues that were shapely to look upon, and their noses and the folds of their clothing were not begrimed, though some of them were of white marble.

And thus we came to Pall Mall, and we went into a club that I knew; and a good part of the members appeared, as aforetime they did, to be well stricken in

years. But I saw scarce any that were halt, or infirm, or unwieldy, but in fashion and gait they were rather like the excellent Montaigne's father, whose praise is in his son's essays, and they ran up and down the stairs nimbly. My guide said he would show me the secret of this, and we passed through a covered passage which brought us out, as I judged, where Carlton-house-terrace was wont to be, but into a light and spacious hall with a lofty glass roof. And in this hall were all manner of ladders, poles, climbing-ropes, beams, vaulting-horses, vaulting-bars, horizontal bars, parallel bars, rings, trapezes, and what else belongs to gymnastic exercises, and much people of all ages, even to threescore and more, running, leaping, climbing, vaulting, swinging, balancing, throwing, and doing other feats of strength and skill, more than I can remember. Round three sides of the hall there was a broad gallery, and the walls thereof were lined with sabres, swords, foils, lances, quarter-staves, and other hand-weapons, and here there were many doing feats of arms.

There I saw the President of the Royal Society playing at singlestick with the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and they smote one another over the mazard, that the cheek-pieces of their masks rang again, and all in love and good fellowship.

And there I saw the Dean of St. Paul's fencing with the Chief Justice of England, and it was as pretty an assault as I did ever see; and they played full six minutes for the last hit, until my Lord caught the Dean with an exceeding cunning *coup de temps* in octave; but one or two of the bystanders said it was rashly done, and

not according to the rules of art ; and we left them in debate thereof.

Moreover I saw the President of the Society of Antiquaries climbing up a rope into the lantern of that hall, and swinging and leaping among the cross-beams therein ; and my guide made merry with him on the fitness of his choice in that exercise, because, according to the words of the poet, *'twas the manner of primitive man.*

And they told me that if I had come some quarter of an hour sooner, I should have seen the Archbishop of York perform admirable things upon the horizontal bar, even to the turning of a double back somersault : but he was just gone.

I learnt also that there was in the kingdom no club, or volunteer corps, or great house of business, but had its gymnasium at hand, or its share of one, and that it was a shame to parents if their children could not swim as soon as they could read.

After this my guide had me back to the Temple, to dine in the Inner Temple hall with the men of the Inns of Court who had come back from their exercise. And before meat there was one that went up to a desk and read : and the book was the old English Chronicle, and he read the chapter which tells how the Danish host stole upon Wessex, and King Alfred with a small band escaped in unlordly wise, and betook himself to the woods and moor-fastnesses, and entrenched himself in an eyot ; and how he gathered strength to himself there, and warred against the Danes till he overcame them ; and how the Danish king sent thirty of his best men to Alfred's camp, and they made good peace with him, and

he dealt with them honourably, and sent them away with gifts. So I asked wherefore that chapter was read; and they told me it was the feast-day of King Alfred, and for that cause was the marching out of the volunteers, and the solemn music we had heard.

Thereafter I went up and down seeing many new things. One day I was at the Courts of Justice, and saw a certain Master sitting in chambers: he was alone in the room, and heard all applications through a loud-speaking telephone, the parties also remaining in their own chambers, and having their telephones put in circuit with the Master and with each other. This method was said to have divers great advantages for the expedition of business, and chiefly that only one party could speak at once. Then I went into foreign parts, and a good while afterwards, I know not how long, I was at Rome.

. . . Before St. Peter's there was a great multitude of all nations and kindreds, and in their countenances a kind of solemn joy. Now as I gazed upon these people there came a procession, and therein were men-at-arms of divers countries, and the effigies of great princes, and of men renowned for civil wisdom, and the helping on of peace betwixt commonwealths, and the strengthening of justice and good laws. There I saw borne in the procession Albericus Gentilis, and Grotius, and Hobbes of Malmesbury, and Montesquieu, and Jeremy Bentham, and Immanuel Kant, and many others. And there likewise was the image of Dante, and his book of Monarchy was laid open before it at the place where he saith, '*Ubicumque potest esse litigium ibi debet esse iudicium*:' and there was much acclaim of the people as the procession passed.

Seeing these things done, I asked what they should signify ; and one told me that it was for the crowning of the Emperor who was newly elected : whereof I could make little, and there came into my head a scurvy old song of '*Das alte heil'ge röm'sche Reich*,' and I suppose that I spoke or hummed the first line ; for my new instructor went on to say that the Empire now restored by the common consent of nations was, as the master-poet Dante would fain have had it even in his day, for judgment and justice between sovereign states. For the Powers of Europe having at length come to an agreement for the settlement of a Court that should pass judgment upon affairs of state between them, and made provision for the maintenance thereof, and the enforcement at need of its decrees, had thought it meet (seeing what virtue is found in apt names and ceremonies, and that the despising of such matters hath ever proved in experience but a shallow device, and of ill consequence to its promoters) that the dignity of so high a tribunal should every way be exalted. And therefore it was ordained that to that Senate every State should send two of its wisest and discreetest men ; of whom commonly one, as I was told, was a man of law, the other not, but both chosen for knowledge and good conversation in public matters ; and that the Senate being met at Rome, they should elect for their chief whomsoever they thought worthiest and fittest, whether of their number or not ; and that the man so chosen, bearing in his person the consent of all the sovereignties of Christendom to their just and peaceable fellowship, and having their common power in his hands, should have the name and state of Emperor, and be for his time of office (which was

appointed to be five years) the first man in Europe : all which things had for some time past been happily performed, and were now in full force. And as of old time a man did homage to his lord, saving his faith to the king and to his over-lords, so now all men that were set in offices of state gave their fealty to the prince or ruler of the land, saving their faith to the empire and the common law of Europe. While I was hearing of this, there was a great stir, and I perceived that the Pope had come forth before St. Peter's to crown the Emperor ; and thereat I marvelled. And they told me of Clement the Great, who had renounced his infallibility, and how public acts were now dated in the year of the reconciliation of Christendom as well as *Anno Domini* ; and the tale was clear as I heard it, but my memory could not comprehend it, and it passed away like a dream. But the Pope spake to the Emperor, exhorting him to well-doing, and magnifying the weight and worthiness of his office : neither said he any word of the rights of the Church or of obedience, but much of judgment and righteousness, and of goodwill, and of the freedom of the nations. Neither did he bless the Emperor as with any power or authority, but only in these words of the poet :

Libero, dritto, e sano è tuo arbitrio,
E fallo fora non fare a suo senno ;
Perch' io te sopra te corono e mitrio.'

And when the Pope had thus spoken, he set on the Emperor's head the crown that belonged to his estate and dignity, even the crown of Charles the Great ; and all the people shouted with a mighty shout, saluting the

new-made Emperor, and calling him Cæsar and August, *magnum et pacificum imperatorem*. . . .

Then I was in England again, and I was carried from London to Cambridge in forty minutes ; and I went to the Cavendish laboratory and the Stuart workshop, and saw being made and used many instruments unlike any that I had ever seen. And I would fain have inquired of the state of the mathematics and the natural sciences, but those I spoke with could not understand more than half my questions, nor could I understand any of their answers. So I went on to the Divinity Schools, as thinking that there, if anywhere, things might peradventure remain pretty much as they were accustomed to be. There were lectures being held in the schools, and in the first room that I went into I beheld a man of venerable age and of a lofty countenance, and the thread of a Brahman was about his neck, and he was reading to a class of young men on the Vedas. And in the next room I found at the teacher's desk a man with long soft eyes, and a beard as fine as spun silk, and a green turban on his head, and he was lecturing on the Koran. I went into a third room, and the reader therein was apparelled like a Master of Arts in other things, but his head was shaven, and he wore a hood with a yellow satin lining, and his pens and inkstand were in a fair wooden bowl before him, and on his desk there was a book printed in the Páli tongue, and he read the parables of the Lord Buddha. Then I went into yet another room, and I saw there a teacher with a white beard like to the Rabbis that Rembrandt painted at Amsterdam, and he discoursed of the Law and of the sayings of the Fathers. And now the

clock struck, and the lecture-hour was over, and those four Readers came out into a common hall and began to talk together, and some of the students talked with them likewise. Then I saluted the Brahman with the salutation of him that hath mastery of the Vedas, and I said unto him : ‘How is it, most excellent Guru, that thou hast crossed the grievous water, and dost expound the Vedas among men that are not twice-born, conversing with strangers and heretics, yea and with *Saugatas* who despise the everlasting sacrifice, and deny the substantiality of the soul?’ And I saluted him in the green turban with the salutation of a descendant of the Prophet, and said unto him : ‘How is it that thou, being of the lineage of the Prophet (may Allah bless him and grant him salvation !), dost thus consort with infidels and idolaters?’ And I saluted him who read the parables with the salutation of a Bhikkhu, saying unto him : ‘How is it, O disciple of the Tathágata, that thou art familiar with the world, wearing superfluous garments, and going among such as are holden in the bondage of rites and ceremonies, and have not entered the Excellent Way?’ And I saluted the Rabbi with the salutation of a master in Israel, and said unto him : ‘Truly, I ask not of thee why thou dost freely converse with Gentiles and heathen, and expound the Law to them, for I well know that Hillel would have done no otherwise. Nevertheless, I would be certified concerning these things which I see and hear.’ And the four Readers looked upon one another, smiling a little, as if to see who should first make answer. But then another door opened, and there came out the Regius Professor of Divinity himself. He was a

right Englishman, strongly built and of a good stature, and favoured like a North-countryman, a rugged and lion-like man ; and methought he would have been a tall fellow of his hands. Straightway he perceived my perplexity, and then he laughed and caught me by the arm, saying he would explain it all to me and welcome ; but I must needs walk along with him as far as Newnham, for he had an errand there. So I walked with him gladly, and as we went out by the back of Trinity I beheld the avenue of young limes which the Master and Seniors in my time, like good husbandmen, had planted against the decay of the old ; and they were grown to goodly trees, and seeing them I rejoiced. Thus we came to Newnham, and we found many worshipful persons of the University met together on the college-green, and nets were set there for play.

There I saw the Mistress of that house playing lawn-tennis with the Vice-Chancellor : and at that sight I was amazed, and the four quarters of heaven were confused before me, and I laughed till I fell backwards, and my eyes were blinded by the tears that I wept : and when I recovered a little, I said within myself that I must haste back to London and tell the Rabelais Club that now the Coquecigrues were indeed come. But now I saw the players dimly, as giants in a mist, beginning a new game, and it was the turn of the Mistress to serve : and she sent the Vice-Chancellor a swift and low service, close over the net ; and the ball flashed fire as it touched the earth, and as the Vice-Chancellor ran back and took it on the bound it made a yet greater flash, and the air was all at once full of flame, and there were two explosions

like the shooting off of the great guns of a turret-ship. . . .

And I was sitting in my chambers as aforetime, hot and dusty, with the copy of a crabbed will on the table before me, and the two volumes of 'Jarman on Wills' had fallen down on the floor beside my chair with a great double thump, and I woke, and behold it was a dream.

F. P.

FROM GOETHE.

I HAD a vision of Judgment : of God and the flock
on each hand :

Sheep in a bleating content : goats in distraction
and fear :

Men of good sense and good humour before Him in
reverence stand :

"Friends of all time," God said, "gladly I welcome you here."

H.

A CLUSTER OF CRIMES.

On the 12th of September, one Sabbath morn,
I shot a hen pheasant in standing corn,
Without a license. Combine who can
Such a cluster of crimes against God and man.

H.

THE
FALL OF HOSEIN THE HOLY.

THE Great Sea Devil Sakhr lay at the bottom of the sea curled up in his bottle, for a hundred million four hundred five thousand and fifty years. During the whole of the time the water about and above him rolled and surged to and fro, and was continually whirled round and round, so that in the middle of the ocean it seemed, though no wind blew, as if there was for ever raging a mighty tempest, because of the commotion and dashing of waves, and the mad race of the whirlpools, in which whales, sharks, krakens, great sea-serpents, physeters of monstrous size, and enormous cuttlefish were carried round perpetually, every one like a puppy running after his tail, lashing and biting at each other in rage, and knowing no rest until they presently perished. Then their dead bodies continued to be whirled round till they fell to pieces, when their skeletons carried on the race. So that the whirlpool was like a vast charnel-house. And the cause of this was nothing at all but the cursing of Sakhr lying at the bottom of the sea.

' Now when by the vehemence of some earthquake the

bottle had been cast ashore and Sakhr recovered his freedom, the whirlpool ceased ; the dead monsters sank to the bottom, and the live ones swam away ; the face of the ocean became placid, and wise men (of whom there are verily few) looked at one another and sighed, saying : 'Now will the wicked prosper, for Sakhr, the Great Sea Devil, whom we accounted as good as dead, is free once more.'

When he had stretched his legs and arms, and rejoiced for a space in the light air, feeling as happy as a king or two, Sakhr bethought him of his casks by the shores of the Bahr Aileh. But they were all broken up and destroyed by the thirsty tooth of Time. And when he looked up and down the narrow seas for another fleet which he could wreck and so fill his caves again, he saw no fleet. Not a ship was upon the waters, neither galley, nor dhow, nor pirogue, nor row-boat. And as for the port of Elath, where the slaves of Suleiman formerly toiled all day, being beaten, lashed, scourged and kicked, and knowing no rest at all, lo ! there was nothing but a heap of ruins and a pile of potsherds.

Then Sakhr whistled for his gossips, but none replied ; for of a truth all were scattered abroad, and none looked to see Sakhr return again.

He wondered greatly, and presently journeyed northwards, but cautiously, being afraid of Suleiman ibn Daoud and his enchantments, and still thinking that he had been shut up for no more than a few days or a few years. But when he came to El Kuds he saw that the Great Mosque was gone : nothing at all was left of it ; not one stone stood upon another ; the whole work was pulled down and destroyed. Then Sakhr looked about him for

the Palace and the Royal Garden. But these had gone too; and as for the maidens and the lovely ladies, there were none of them left, but only in their place an old woman in rags, gathering roots for her pot; nor were there any fountains, flowers, fruit-trees, or shady walks, but in their place heaps of potsherds—broken potsherds everywhere. Sakhr looked about him and saw, further, that the once stately city consisted now of nothing at all but houses built of mud, and narrow streets, where filthy beggars quarrelled over piastres and bellowed at passers-by as ragged as themselves for backsheesh in the name of the Prophet.

‘I salute thee, O Sakhr, Great Devil of the Sea.’

It was an old cobbler seated in a stall: he wore spectacles, and he was working at a pair of sandals.

‘I salute thee, O Sakhr!’

Then Sakhr knew him for a Jinn, but of inferior rank—one of those Jinns who plague mankind in small ways, but are not permitted to meddle with affairs of state.

‘O Jinn,’ he said, ‘what meaneth this? Where is Suleiman?’

‘He is dead long ago,’ replied the Jinn. ‘Long, long ago. Many generations of men have come and gone since Suleiman died; they know not where he lies buried: the city has been burned and sacked a dozen times, and its people driven away like herds upon the Merj Ibn Amir by the Bedawin.’

‘And his Ring? Who has got his Ring?’

The Jinn laughed.

‘No one knows,’ he said. ‘Certain it is that when

Suleiman was buried, we Jinns who had toiled to build his mosque found ourselves free, nor hath any man since possessed the Ring.'

Then Sakhr laughed too. His enemy was dead, and his enemy's city was destroyed. And the Ring of power was in no man's hands.

'Farewell, cobbler devil,' he said. 'When you are tired of cobbling you can incite the children to steal, throw stones, tell lies, fight, and bear false witness. Poor sport and profitless, seeing that when they grow up they do all these things naturally. But no Devil likes idleness. Wherefore, farewell! I go in search of adventures.'

Then he roamed about the country looking for work fit for his hand, but found none. There were none but shepherds in the great Arabian Deserts, or wandering tribes of Bedawin, whom he did, indeed, set by the ears, and caused many to be slain. Yet this gladdened him not, because his heart was sorrowful for the merry days of old. Then he surprised a pitiful little caravan of pilgrims on the Haj road, bound for Mecca, and he suffocated them all in a sand-storm. Yet he was not one whit the happier, because he pined for nobler sport, and the discomfiture of kings. For alas ! great Sakhr, being a Devil of the Sea, knew little of the world, and had never even heard of Stamboul, where many of his brother devils dwelt in great contentment, and exercised their choicest gifts.

Wherefore, finding no pleasure in these small sports, and weary of the world so changed, Sakhr left the desert tribes to live in peace, and their cattle to multiply, and the pilgrims to make their way unmolested, and betook

himself to the great mountains beyond the Euphrates which look down on the valley of Kashmir and the cities of the Beni Yakub, and the broad plains of Hindustan. There, amid the rocks and ice, he sat in gloom and sadness, asking himself what good there was in being so great a Devil with never an opportunity for showing what he could do. The peak whereon he sat was so high and so cold that the very roc came not thither; nor did the eagle soar so high; nor was there step of living thing; nor any noise but the howling of the wind; and when this blew not, then no voice or sound but the gentle falling of the snow; no ghost of man was so unhappy as to live upon these heights; nor did any Jinn ever come thither, curious to see what might be thereon, if anything; a wild and deserted place where never, since the world began, was seen either man or beast.

And Sakhr sat and bemoaned that there was no mischief (save of a mean and paltry kind) left for a Devil of his rank to do. And I know not how long he remained there, for he kept no count of time, and on these heights the summer and the winter are as one; and Sakhr made no difference between day and night. But it befel one day that he raised his head, for he heard a step, yea, the step of a man; and looking over the edge of the precipice, he saw, about ten thousand feet below him, a man slowly and painfully climbing up the cliff, clinging to the projections of rock. He wore a green ribbon in his turban to show that he was a Pilgrim to Mecca; he carried a volume in one hand, and over his shoulder he bore a sack filled with something; he was a young man of five or six and twenty; he was of fair proportions and

comely countenance, one of those young men at sight of whom young maidens blush and old women sigh ; but his dress was nothing but a sheepskin tied about him with a rope, and a coarse shirt.

‘Who art thou, mortal?’ asked Sakhr, thinking in his loneliness that to torment even a peasant hunting goats on the mountain-side would be better than nothing. ‘Who art thou, man?’

The man rested his sack upon a ledge of rock and looked up.

‘Art thou a Jinn?’ he asked.

‘I am,’ said Sakhr.

‘Then, good Jinn, help me up this rock, for much I fear that I may never reach the top, so steep it is.’

Sakhr lightly reached down his hand and lifted the climber, sack, volume and all, to the top of the mountain.

‘So,’ said the man, showing neither fear nor surprise, ‘the air is cold ; that is good.’ He wrapped his sheepskin tighter round him. ‘And this mountain’—he gazed anxiously round him—‘is it the highest, Jinn?’

Sakhr stood before him in the guise of a simple rustic with honest eyes and frank countenance.

‘This is the highest mountain in the world : there is none other so high.’ Sakhr said this benevolently to please his visitor. Otherwise, Sakhr knew nothing of the mountains of the world.

‘Then I remain here.’

The young man threw down his sack, sat on the rock, and shivered, while his teeth chattered and his hair stood on end with the cold.

‘Who are you, mortal?’

‘I am Hosein, Prince of Trebizonde, Hosein the Holy, Hosein the Good and Great, the Wise, the Lover of the Law, the Shield of Religion, and the Light of the True Faith. These names have I received, on account of my exceeding great holiness, from all who dwell in Trebizonde.’

Sakhr bowed low. And his heart rejoiced mightily.

‘What does your Highness on this mountain-top—alone—clad in a sheepskin?’

‘I have retired from the world,’ said the Prince, proudly. ‘I have effected the Great Renunciation.’

‘What for?’ asked Sakhr, astonished.

‘To read the Law.’

‘Could’st thou not read the Law in thy Palace?’

‘Why,’ said the Prince, ‘doubtless I could; but not so well. It hath been ever the practice for the really religious man, such as myself, to meditate on the Law alone and in as much discomfort as possible. In Hindustan, some have been known to meditate most profitably with an iron spike run through their backs: and some think most comfortably while seated between five fires: and some attain extraordinary holiness while their nails grow through their hands: and some have sat upon high pillars, where they could not sleep for fear of falling down, thereby being enabled to meditate day and night in much misery, which cannot but be pleasing to the Prophet: and some have made holes in the hillside and have shut themselves up in order to meditate undisturbed: and some have gone forth and become beggars for the love of meditation: and some never wash, but

find filth useful for the right understanding of the Law : and some have built towers in the midst of men and meditated therein continually, until they died. Wherefore I, Hosein the Holy, the Good, the Wise, and the Learned, who have twice performed the holy Haj, and in all ways obeyed the Law, am anxious to emulate these great meditators and to become illustrious like unto them for all ages, even to be named, in consequence of this my discomfort and misery, the king of all those who make themselves uncomfortable for the sake of the Law. Wherefore I have left my Palace and my Harem—he sighed heavily—‘and the gardens where every day I feasted merrily with my friends, drinking Simpkin of the best—with praise and thanks that the Prophet (on whose head be blessings) never thought of forbidding it ; and my dancing-girls and my singing-girls, and my music, and all the joys of life—ah !’—he heaved another deep sigh—‘and resolved to go away, clad in the coarsest, to live alone, in the most uncomfortable part of the world, and to eat the simplest fare. Know’st thou, Jinn, a more uncomfortable place than this for a hermit to live in ?’

Sakhr said that a bottle at the bottom of the ocean was more uncomfortable ; but as it was difficult to squeeze a six-gallon man into a pint bottle, the Prince must needs be content to remain where he was. Then he informed the Prince that he himself was one of the harmless and benevolent Jinns whose pleasure it is to advance the wishes of mankind, and do for them all those offices which imagination may desire beyond their powers of execution.

‘I want nothing, good Jinn,’ said the Prince, ‘except

solitude for this purpose of meditation. Stay, which is the coldest—and therefore the most miserable—side of this mountain-top accursed?’

Sakhr led him to the north side, where the ice was thickest, and the wind keenest.

‘Good,’ said the pious Prince, shivering. ‘Nothing could be more wretched than the prospect of spending a long life here. Will you, further, bring my sack? It contains lentils for food.’

‘Does your Highness like lentils?’

‘No,’ said the Prince, ‘I hate lentils. But how can one meditate if one eats what is agreeable and pleasant to the taste?’

‘You will find your drink, I suppose,’ said Sakhr, ‘by melting lumps of ice in your mouth? Does your Highness like ice that melts slowly and causes toothache?’

‘No; I abhor it. But the Meditation of the Law demands this misery of drink. Now leave me. Farewell, Jinn. When you descend you may tell people, if you please, that you left the Wisest and Best of Men alone on the mountain-top, with a Sack of Lentils and the Volume of the Law.’

Sakhr withdrew. That is, he vanished; and, being invisible himself, he saw all that Prince Hosein did. Thus, being left alone, he spread his sheepskin on the ground, and sat upon it, clad in nothing but his shirt: then did icicles hang from his beard, drifts of snow lie about his shoulders, and for cold his toes turned blue and began to curl. But the Prince, with the volume before him, read straight on until the night fell and he could read no more; then he rose, shook off the snow, and

gazed around. The moon was rising, and the stars were already visible ; it was a cold, clear night ; around him were jagged peaks (but none so high as his own), with vast stretches of ice and snow sloping down to the plains far below : and no sound of voice or utterance.

‘This is splendid !’ he said. ‘Ha ! thou vainglorious Simon of the pillar, what is thy pillar compared with my peak ? What will men say hereafter of the Good King Hosein ?’

This thought made him happy ; he forgot the cold, munched two or three lentils, broke off an icicle and put it into his mouth, and then, wrapping himself in his sheepskin, lay down and fell asleep.

In the night he had a dreadful dream. He thought that Jinns and Afreets were dragging him off the peak, and hurling him down the precipices with shouts of laughter, crying, ‘Behold the Great Renunciator ! Let us cast him down and destroy him, so that none shall ever learn whither he went or how he fared.’

He awoke with a cry. He was lying on the hard rock : it was midnight ; there was neither wind nor cloud ; the moon was above his head, and the stars were bright.

He laid down his head, comforted by the consciousness of his exceeding virtue, and fell asleep again immediately.

He had a second dream. This time it was a dream more fearful than the first. He was taken in his sleep to his own palace at Trebizonde, which he had left the day before. Then all the ladies of his Harem, his dancing-girls, his singing-girls, his black nurses, his guards,

his ministers, his soldiers, his slaves, his subjects, were weeping and sobbing and crying out upon the exhibition of such amazing piety. What, then, was his surprise to find the Palace lit up, and his Vizier, ministers, and officers feasting and making merry with his ladies, while Fatima herself, his chief favourite, who had wept the loudest and the longest, was singing to her lute, 'Rejoice! Rejoice! He is gone, never to come back. The nightingale sings with the roses, and we shall all live on, even as we please, and do what best liketh us.' Just as the Prince was about to rush upon them with a scimitar and to lop off every head he awoke once more, to find that it was still the dead of night, and that he was lying cold and numbed on the mountain-top.

He went to sleep again. This time he dreamed that Simon of the Pillar, with all the self-tormentors of Egypt, Frangistan, Thibet and India—the Fakirs, Yogis, mad Dervishes, hermits, cave-dwellers, pillar statues, self-roasters, self-cutters and maimers, and solitaires of every kind—sat round him and pointed at him the finger of scorn.

'Yah!' said Simon; 'he goes away, thinking to be the most illustrious of us all, and he comes to a place where no one will ever hear of him, though he make himself more miserable than any of us. For my own part, men saw me and looked up to me. Therefore they respected me.'

Then another holy man, who had swung for thirty years with an iron hook poked through two ribs, laughed aloud:

'No one will see this foolish wretch. The frost will

twist his bones, and no one will see it ; the sun will beat madness into his head, but no one will regard him ; in the strength of the lentils he will rimple-ramble holy words, but no one will hear him ; he will perish miserably, but no one will be near to tell how the Prophet sent Azrael with a bed of feathers and four houris more beautiful than the day to carry him off to Heaven. That is what he did—I mean what they say he did—when my ribs gave way at last and I fell off the accursed hook and broke my neck. I did not see any feather-bed nor any houris myself, because I was dead.'

Then they all laughed together, and pointed with the finger and said : 'Yah ! yah ! no one will see him. What is the good of being miserable all alone ?'

A third time the Prince awoke. This time the sun was rising, and one side of every mountain-peak was of a beautiful rosy colour. Hosein sat up, shivered, and felt cold. Then he took a handful of lentils, and began to eat them, but slowly, because lentils take a great deal of eating ; and it requires a resolute man when he has got one between his teeth to close upon it, so nasty is a raw lentil.

Having eaten as many lentils as he could, though still hungry, Hosein began once more to read the Law. All day long he never raised his eyes from the volume, reading diligently and wondering when the Meditation should begin. For though his eyes were on the page, and followed the words obediently, he thought of nothing except his three bad dreams : first, the dreadful terror of the Jinns—suppose, some night, they should do it : second, the faithless joy at the Harem—suppose that

should be true : and third, the scoffing of the meditators, who reminded him that the glory of self-torture was reserved for those who were seen by men. Why, truly, he reflected, there could be no glory where there was no knowledge.

At nightfall, he ate a few more lentils and sucked another piece of ice : then he went to sleep again.

Now the dreams were brought to him by Sakhr, no other. And the second night he brought to the sleeping man the same dreams, but worse. For the Jinns laughed, and shouted while they banged his head and broke his bones, dashing him from rock to rock ; and the carryings on of his Harem were indescribable ; and the gibes of his brother meditators were intolerable. In the morning, when day broke, Hosein rose with rheumatic pains all over his body : he was, besides, oppressed by a profound melancholy. He munched a few lentils, with great difficulty, hungry as he was, and resumed the study of the Law. Now a singular thing happened : for in former days it had been his delight to read the blessed Koran, surrounded by the loving ladies of the Harem, or in the Mosque among his admiring people ; and suddenly this became to him a thing of loathing and disgust. He was surprised and humiliated : he had never heard that the Fakir of the Pillar, or he of the roasting, or he of the iron hook, experienced this disgust. According to history, the greater their sufferings, the greater was their delight in the Law. For he knew not that the cause of his dreams and of his disgust was none other than Sakhr the Great Sea Devil, who had also filled his mind with so great a hatred for the simple lentils.

All day he was plagued with a tempest. The winds blew from all four quarters together : they whistled round and round, and lifted him in the air ; they tore out his beard and rent his sheepskin : they sent his turban flying far away into the valleys below, and would have blown him with it from the peak, but that he clung to the rock with both his hands, holding the Book of the Law in his mouth. And the hail beat upon him—each hailstone as sharp as a piece of glass—and cut his face and arms so that the blood came, and he was sore distressed. When the storm subsided, which was not until sundown, he was so hungry that he could have eaten the coarsest bread of the porters of Trebizonde, but his soul loathed the sack of lentils. Moreover he had read nothing, all day, of the Law, and his Meditations had not even begun. Wherefore he was sad, and sat with his head in his hands, thinking that the Neby Simon of the Pillar had a happy lot compared with his own. Presently he was aware of a curious, but extremely delicious smell. His eyes were closed, and he thought at first that it was a dream. Wherefore he remained quite still, while this divine fragrance descended into his heart, mounted into his brain, and diffused itself over his whole frame, so that his legs were stretched in pure happiness, and his arms laid themselves out upon the hard rock as if it was a bed of flowers. ‘This perfume,’ said Hosein, ‘is doubtless the reward which the Prophet bestows upon those who retire from the world in order to meditate.’

The amazing rapture of the fragrance continued to increase. Hosein felt as if he was wholly filled and occupied with it, and, doubting not that it was the very

breath of Paradise, sat up and opened his eyes, expecting nothing less than to see the portals open, and the Faithful in the midst of their joys. What, then, was his astonishment to find that beside him stood his friend the Jinn, whom he had almost forgotten, with a steaming dish in his hands, the odour of which he had mistaken for the fragrant air of Paradise.

‘You are hungry, Prince,’ said the Jinn.

‘I am,’ replied Hosein, tying his belt tighter, and feeling as if he must eat that dish or die.

‘This is Pig, Hosein,’ said the Jinn.

At these words the Prince fell backwards with a sigh.

‘Pig, the accursed,’ repeated Sakhr.

Hosein groaned. His hunger gnawed his vitals; he rolled over and lay doubled up; he closed his eyes and covered his ears with his fingers, yet still he heard the voice of the Jinn telling him that it was the flesh of Pig, and still the fragrance mounted to his brain and made him more hungry than before.

‘The Flesh of Pig,’ said the Jinn. ‘Here is Pig fried upon the ashes: young Pig seethed in milk and onions: middle-aged Pig baked in the oven with sage and butter: Pig dressed with garlic and spices: Pig carbonadoed: chops of Pig: chunks of Pig: legs of Pig: Pig stewed with leeks and carrots: Pig curried—dry curry—wet curry—Cabob curry of Pig. Eat, Hosein, and refresh your soul.’

Hosein made no answer, but he opened his eyes. It was now night, but he saw plainly. Around him, sitting in a ring, were all the holy men of old, whom he had seen in his dreams, the self-tormentors and meditators

on the Law. They pointed at him with their fingers and laughed aloud.

‘Yah, foolish one! What is the good,’ they cried with one voice, ‘of resisting temptation when there is no one to see? Eat Pig and live. As for us, we were never tempted because we were continually seen by men, and therefore could not fall into this sin. Oh, would that to us this chance had come! Eat Pig, Hosein, and to-morrow meditate on the Law.’

‘Pig the Toothsome,’ said the Jinn. ‘Take it, O Prince, and live.’

Then Hosein, astonished at the encouragement of the holy men, reached out his hand and greedily devoured. When he had eaten the whole dish, he smacked his lips and made as if he would drink.

Sakhr stood beside him, a great bottle in hand.

‘Wine of Kashmir,’ he said. ‘Brighter, sweeter, more delicious wine was never made. Wine is forbidden by the Prophet.’

Hosein refused it. Enough to have broken one commandment. But two! Never. He broke off a lump of ice and put it in his mouth. It melted slowly, far too slowly for the thirst which devoured him. But he refused the wine.

Then he became aware that the dead Fakirs were again gibing and scoffing.

‘He has eaten Pig,’ they cried; ‘but no one has seen him. And now, O foolish one, he refuses wine. Yet no one will see him. We never had the chance of wine, we luckless ones.’

‘This wine cools the throat and quenches thirst: it

fills the brain with heavenly thoughts : it makes the heart to rejoice, and the legs to dance, and the lips to sing, and the eyes to sparkle, and inclines the soul to meditation—the day after drinking. Those who drink of it are carried away into Paradise even as the Prophet was carried. They see visions : they sing songs : they remember happy days of the past : they reveal the joys of the Faithful. This is no common wine : this is not the sparkling Simpkin, nor the heavy brandy : it is a wine far rarer, far more potent, far better than these : it is the wine which Mohammed forbade, because the common people drinking it would lose their hopes of Heaven. But to a holy man, a good man, a meditator on the Law, he would not forbid it.’

‘No,’ cried the ghosts around ; ‘he would not have forbidden it—to us.’

‘The day after drinking this wine,’ added Sakhr, ‘the drinker meditates most profoundly.’

Then Hosein resisted no longer, but held out his hand, took the flask, and drank.

He drank so much that presently he began to experience all the sensations predicted by the Jinn. That is to say, his heart waxed exceeding joyful : he danced and sang : and the most delightful thoughts came into his imagination. They were so charming that he presently was fain to sit down in order to think them over at his ease ; which he did, the bottle in hand. And he continued to drink joyously, feeling no more the cold and laughing at the wind. His thoughts flew back to his Harem : he recalled the sweetness of Fatima, the soft eyes of Zobeideh, the graceful limbs of Badourah, and

the endearments of Nourouna: he remembered the happy evenings he had spent sitting on a divan surrounded by these sweet ladies, while the dancing-girls danced before him and the instruments played melodiously.

‘Your Highness shall see a maiden of greater loveliness than any in your Harem,’ said Sakhr. ‘Behold!’

Then the mountain-top was illuminated as by blue, red, and purple Bengal fire, and amid the light stood, alone, the figure of a veiled woman.

And all around sat the circle of the ancient holy men: Neby Simon of the Pillar, with the Fakir of the Fires, and the Dervish of the Iron Hook, and the rest, and they moved their venerable heads, crying:

‘O happy hermit! O thrice happy meditator on the Law! O three times and four times fortunate self-torturer! Never to us came such a chance. He has eaten Pig! Ho! ha! He has drunk wine! Ho! ho! ha! And now he may take a houri to his bosom. Ho! ho! ha! And no one here to see! What a blessed, happy chance!’

Sakhr lifted the veil from the woman, and Hosein fell upon his face, partly on account of the wine, by reason of which he could no more stand upright, and partly because he was blinded by a beauty whereof he had never heretofore so much as dreamed.

‘Let your Highness rise,’ said the Jinn.

‘I am my Lord’s handmaid,’ whispered the beautiful lady.

Hosein sprang to meet her. She instantly disappeared. The light was gone. The Fakirs had disappeared: he

was alone, clad in his ragged sheepskin, on the top of the wild mountain, with Sakhr the Great Sea Devil beside him. And his brain reeled so that he was fain to sit down again.

‘She shall be yours,’ said Sakhr. ‘But on conditions.’

‘What are they?’

‘Repeat after me,’ Sakhr whispered low.

Hosein recoiled. ‘Never,’ he cried. ‘I would die first.’

Then the light returned, and the mocking faces of the Fakirs were seen beyond, and they cried, ‘Oh, Fool! He is alone, and there is no one to hear him, and he refuses. WHAT a FOOL!’

Then there appeared again to him the lovely maiden, and she murmured, ‘What words would not I say for the love of Prince Hosein?’

Her eyes like liquid flame met his; the heart within him beat: his pulses ran quicker: his lips trembled: she stood before him without a veil, so lovely, so ravishing, that he forgot heaven and earth in his rapture, and was speechless and motionless.

The Jinn beside him whispered, ‘Repeat, repeat.’

The maiden held out her arms, and Hosein, speaking slowly as one in a dream has the words drawn painfully from him, said aloud, after Sakhr:

‘DAMN the Book of the Law!’

Then the faces of the holy men changed, and became terrible in their wrath: and all together they rushed upon him, crying to each other to kill him, flay him, tear him to pieces. And lightnings flashed from the sky as if

they would smite him and destroy him : and angry thunders rolled about in the valleys beneath : the mountain-peaks rocked and reeled in terror : the wind rose suddenly to a tempest : the cliffs opened : the rejoicing shouts of millions of Afreets rent the air : and Sakhr, seizing the Prince by the belt, bore him swiftly away.

When Hosein awoke early next morning he was back again in his Palace of Trebizonde, lying on his couch in his own sleeping-room. He clapped his hands, and his slave appeared at the door.

‘What day is this?’ he asked. ‘And how long have I been away?’

‘Your Highness has not been away at all.’

Hosein fell back, astonished.

Presently his slave came again.

‘There is a man without who would speak with your Highness. He brings with him a female slave.’

The man was brought into the Palace. At sight of him Hosein fell back again upon the divan, more astonished than ever, for it was his friend the Jinn who bowed. His dress and appearance were changed ; he was no longer a simple shepherd, but was now a grave and sober slave merchant.

‘I bring your Highness,’ he said, ‘a Circassian of surpassing beauty.’

He lifted her veil. It was the maiden whom he had seen upon the mountain.

‘Her price?’ asked Hosein.

‘Your Highness forgets ; she is *already paid for*. I would remind you, prince’ (here he whispered low), ‘of

the three unpardonable sins—ho ! ho !—committed before she became your own. I wish you farewell. The Palace is better than the rock ! You will be, doubtless, grateful to me for putting an end to the Great Renunciation. But I was ever a benevolent Jinn, and I love not foolishness.’

He went his way, and Hosein was left with the fair Circassian.

Now, as the time went on, it was remarked that Hosein gradually lost his reputation for sanctity, and loved not holy men, Fakirs or Ulemas, all of whom he kicked and cuffed. But he ever loved more and more his fair Circassian, and for her sake he neglected his Harem, spending all his time in her society, and caring for no other woman. Nay, when she grew old he remained constant unto her, and after her death he pined away and died, refusing to be comforted. Nor was he ever known to repent the sins which brought to his arms the most incomparable of women.

THE RESCUE OF THE HIGHER CULTURE.

ON A JAPANESE STRAW MASK.

I.

Deep despair of utter satiation
Weighed, O mother Culture, on thy child ;
Common, empty, void of stimulation,
Seemed all things that erst were wan and wild.
Lady Venus, lanthorn-wise regardant,
Vainly on thy secret name we called ;
Yea, and even shapeless subtly ardent
Phantasies of Venice pastels palled.

II.

Western art is dead, her works are ended ;
Nature we, regenerate, have abjured :
Whither shall what steps of us be wended,
Greatly grieving, to be greatly cured ?
Thus unheard of men in unseen prison
Wept I through the self-bedarkened days,
Till from eastward usward rearisen
Light made luminous my new-found ways.

III.

Seeking naught from outworn Occidental
Form and fashion, lips or nose or brows,
Lo, a face majestic, monumental,
Passion-moving god for Culture's vows,
Asiatic, Japanese, imperial,
Æon-old of heart and springtide-young,
Gazes at me (though of cheap material),
Lord of lidless eyes and lipless tongue.

IV.

Ah the glory of Art, the wealth unstinting !
Pardon, mother, if at whiles we pine !
Twain those orbs of base metallic minting,
Only twopence, that have made it mine.
Now in deep voluminous expression
Black with utter mystery are those eyes ;
Now they blink with sudden sharp suppression,
Sealed and stern with silence of the wise.

V.

Speech unspoken from that tongue descendant,
Speech and song past praise of me are poured,
Tongue that moving with those eyes transcendent
Fills the triple perfect monochord.
Mark their steps of manifold revealing,
Gradual through all passion and all pain ;
Hear them, child of little faith, appealing :—
‘Say not Culture is played out again !’

VI.

Part, O pallid evanescent lilies,
Fare henceforth too feeble for my soul :
Here the worthy prize of sleepless will is,
Here the night-long vigil’s utter goal.
Take our adoration, praise, enthronement,
Ugliness beyond our ugliest dream !
Exquisite, for spirits elect alone meant,
Nobly precious, absolute, supreme !

F. P.

FRANCIS RABELAIS,
TO
RICHARD COPLEY CHRISTIE.

AUTHOR OF THE 'LIFE OF ETIENNE DOLET.'

I—who was once a beggar Cordelier,
Pauper et servus, bound by the triple cord,
A sheep with sheep (yet with no wool to shear)
My fold the convent, and the bell my Lord—

Fair Sir, salute thee from these sunny isles,
Where dwell glad ghosts of those who made men
glad,
My Peers the Deathless, who, with golden smiles
And kindly laughter, lifted spirits sad.

We sit contented while our words and ways
Still warm men's hearts : while, without stint or end,
The soft winds waft us incense sweet of praise
And laughter, love, and joy of friend with friend.

Nor fear we any lack of this delight,
While song and dance set young men's hearts aglow ;
While autumn grapes are pressed, and day and night
Together cry, ' Enjoy us ere we go !'

This is our bliss : to me there lacketh yet—
To me alone—one thing which makes me sad.
'Tis that I look and wait while men forget
What living man I was ; what life I had.
Fair Sir, the patient scribe of yon fair book—
Wherein a murdered scholar lives anew—
Think not I grudge his monument, nor look
With envious eyes on praise and honour due.
Give the great Ciceronian, scholar's fame,
Such fame he sought for—let the cup run o'er.
With phrase and rule of grammar dress his name :
He asked no less—but then he asked no more.
But me let men love : wherefore do I need
Thy patient work among neglected shelves,
Where, 'mid the dust of withered flower and weed,
My dead friends prate of me and of themselves.
Go ! bid the shadowy hands which hold the book
Whereat the world grew hopeful, glad, and wise,
Be hands of flesh, and let men once more look
On smiling lips, wise face, and joyous eyes,
Which once were mine, and say : ' We know him now :
A very man of flesh, with hot, strong heart :
No reeling tosspot—brave and broad of brow,
Who loved among his kind to play his part.
' Thus, thus he lived—the Master—thus he died :
Thus learned his message—thus his lesson drew.
We know him now—he lives, his book beside——'
Fair Sir, this great Restorer might be—you !

W. B.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is Life worth living? Question meet
For prigs in sweet despair to cry.
For what will rest to us unblessed
If he and his should multiply?

Is Life worth living? Hear the Word
In brief and comprehensive way.
Thou babbler vain, go home again
Read, mark, and learn thy 'Rabelais.'

W. H. P.

God gave Free Will to People and to Prince,
And has been sorry for it ever since.

H.

THE END.

